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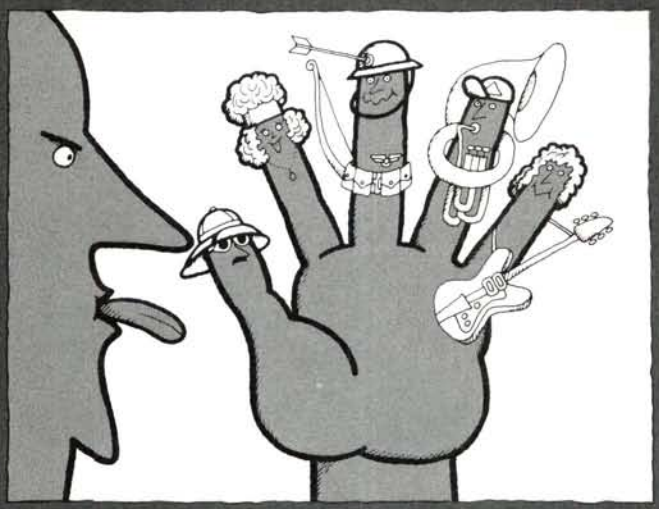

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JANE FONDA · DONALD SUTHERLAND · PETER BOYLE in **STEELYARD BLUES**

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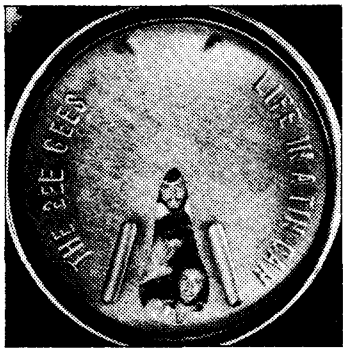
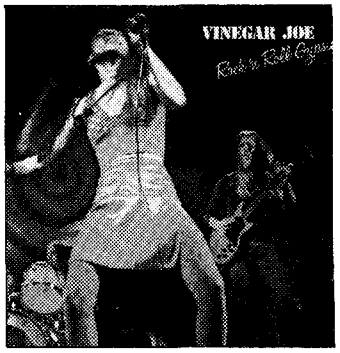


Life in a Tin Can
The Bee Gees

Derek and the Dominos
In Concert



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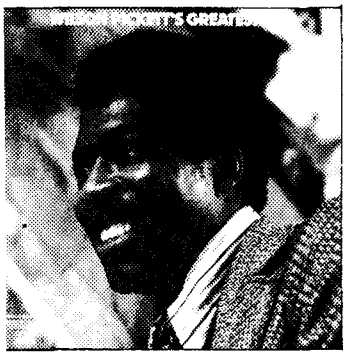

Wilson Pickett's
Greatest Hits

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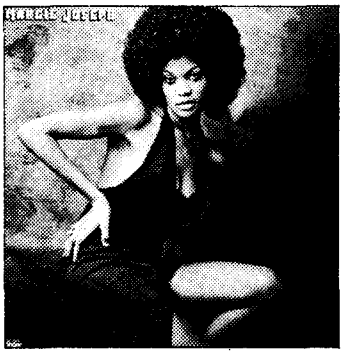

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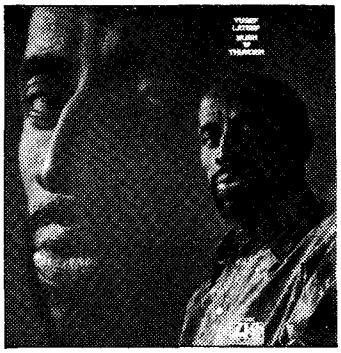

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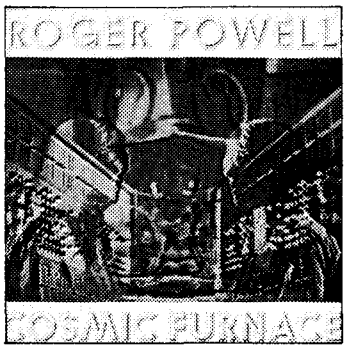
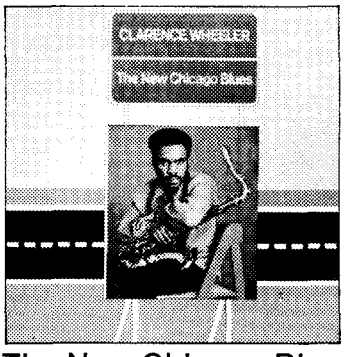
Yusef Lateef

Gypsy Man
Robin Kenyatta



Cosmic Furnace
Roger Powell



The New Chicago Blues
Clarence Wheeler

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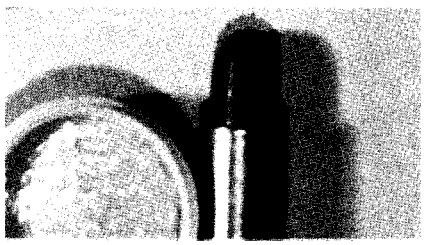
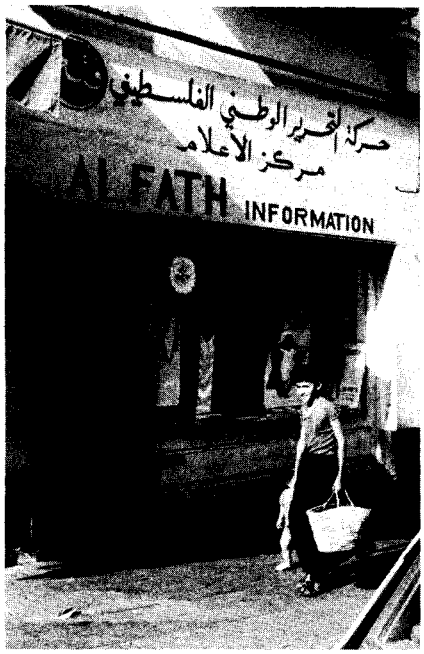


Cosmopolitan magazine has carved out a unique niche for itself. Nobody else will tell women they can have a better orgasm by faking it. Nobody else will explain how one can become a considerate adulterer: "If asked, lie. If caught, lie." Nobody else would tell a woman what to do if she's wearing a hairpiece and she and her date are getting romantic. The woman behind the magazine is Helen Gurley Brown. You might say she is That Cosmopolitan Girl.

30
ITT's Geneen: How To Succeed in Business by Really Trying
A profile by William Rodgers

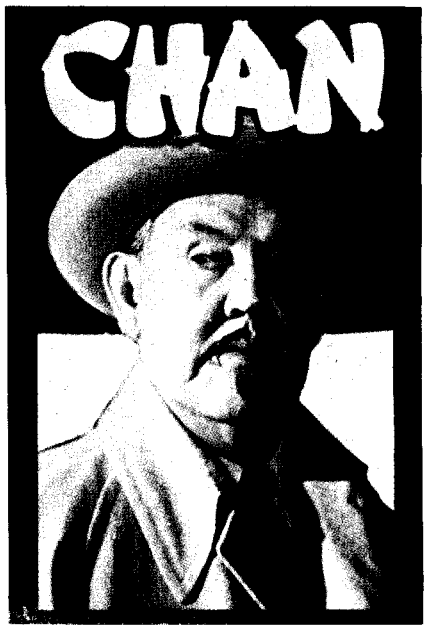
Harold Sydney Geneen, as the chief executive of the ITT empire, is the highest paid corporate luminary in the U. S. Driven by a motivational force that must have been genetic in Alexander the Great, Napoleon and General George Patton, the ITT exec has gobbled up close to 800 enterprises in 80 countries. Geneen's acquisition of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, his attempts to purchase the ABC network, and his manipulation of the Republican Party (remember Dita Beard's memo?) are only recent escapades in the life of the Ultimate Capitalist. There's more.

35
The View from Tel Aviv and Beirut
A special report from the Middle East by Paul Jacobs



Fetah is torn by internal dissension and Israel has never been stronger. But Israel is also struggling with domestic turmoil and a sharp internal debate about its own future. Meanwhile, all nations in the Middle East are moving toward the right and reactionary Islamism is on the rise. A special on-scene report from two capitals by Paul Jacobs.

41
Confessions of a Number One Son
A personal essay by Frank Chin



In the beginning, there was Charlie Chan. Everybody took to Charlie, saw him as the real image of Everyman's Chinaman, chink, gook, slant-eyed celestial mouthing Confucian epigrams from a Hollywood script. Frank Chin, whose fiction has won several awards, has done this analysis of the Hollywood image of Asians.

49
Gay Rock: The Boys in the Band
A report by Andrew Kopkind

The mass-marketing of gay rock has begun and with it has come the promotion to superstardom of gay rock's most prominent exponents, David Bowie and Lou Reed.

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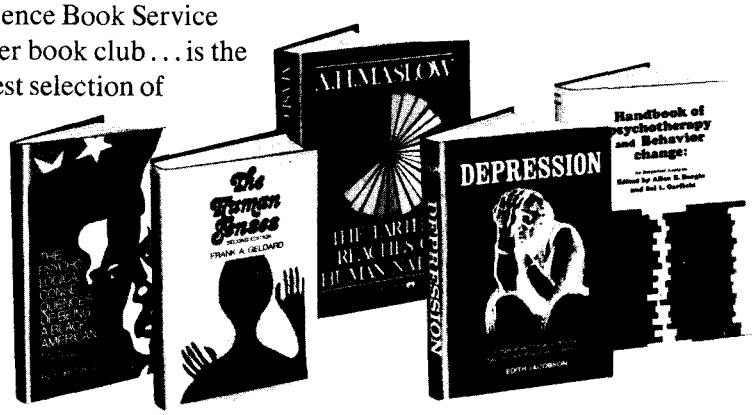

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The First Word

The media is panicky these days, and not without cause. On the one hand, publications are faltering—with startling regularity. On the other, the Administration's skirmishes with the press have recently grown into a *blitzkrieg.* Reporters spending months in jail, editors giving up taped interviews under court order, plans to hold local television stations accountable for the "objectivity" of network newscasts—it seems as though 1984 has arrived early.

Without doubt, a crisis is at hand. Yet it is not hard to feel that there's something a little self-serving in the current attempts of the press to see its hardship as a metaphor for the new fascism. Admirable though it is for men like Peter Bridge and William Farr to go to jail for their convictions, we cannot see this conflict as some apocalyptic struggle between democracy and autocracy, good and evil.

To begin with, the Nixon Administration's charge is not without merit: the established press is not an objective institution but is, in fact, infected with ideology, however subtle its expressions may seem. That ideology—liberal and reformist—has been with us a long time. And while it seems a benign ideology, we should remember that its proponents swallowed and regurgitated most of the grandiloquent deceptions of the past decade. Not so long ago, the same media giants were playing an instrumental role in blackguarding early opposition to the Vietnam War—casually dismissing its arguments, ridiculing its predictions, bemoaning its "excesses."

If the established press now sees itself playing an heroic role in today's politics, we would do well to assess its current troubles in a more balanced perspective. First of all, the repression now being visited on it is a fact of daily life for other sectors of America. And as for First Amendment guarantees, the underground press has been under the gun for the last five years—busted, spied upon, slandered—and hardly a murmur has issued from the media conglomerates who now bemoan attacks on freedom of the press.

Individual reporters have been far ahead of the institutions they work for in political awareness and insight. On the issue of Vietnam, for example, reporters as a group were clearly doubtful of information fed them over the last decade by the apologists, propagandists and hired optimists of the Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon administrations. Yet they continued to report faithfully the "incursions," "protective reactions," "defoliation missions," as if the events were part of an antiseptic wargame on Mars. And this doublethink was just as regularly appearing in publications which did not disdain running stories about the light at the end of the tunnel for years after it had become clear that the tunnel was not only endless but a hiding place for one genocidal atrocity after another.

And how much has actually changed? Critical yesterday, the mass media now heralds breathlessly the "peace" which Nixon and Kissinger are making—as if the past didn't exist. It is "news" and it is reported uncritically—as if any settlement could atone for the devastation, or wash out the bloody spots from this tragic episode in American history. The press remains as reluctant as ever to suggest that the war has uncovered fundamental problems in the American system.

The point of all this is not that *Time* and *Newsweek,* the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post,* CBS and NBC are the villains Agnew makes them out to be, and we certainly support the William Farrs—if not the Otis Chandlers—of the established media. The point is rather that the current press conflict is basically a conflict between two centers of established power. If the Nixon Administration succeeds in crushing the press, even such a limited exchange of opinion as we've known will be foreclosed. But the irony is that even if Nixon loses, a free press acting objectively and critically is not guaranteed. In the end, that result is likely only if reporters face their publishers and news executives with the same courage they have shown in defying the government.

—The Editors

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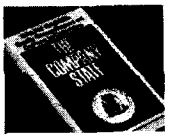
THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN GENERAL MOTORS, DUPONT,  VOLKSWAGEN, AND THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

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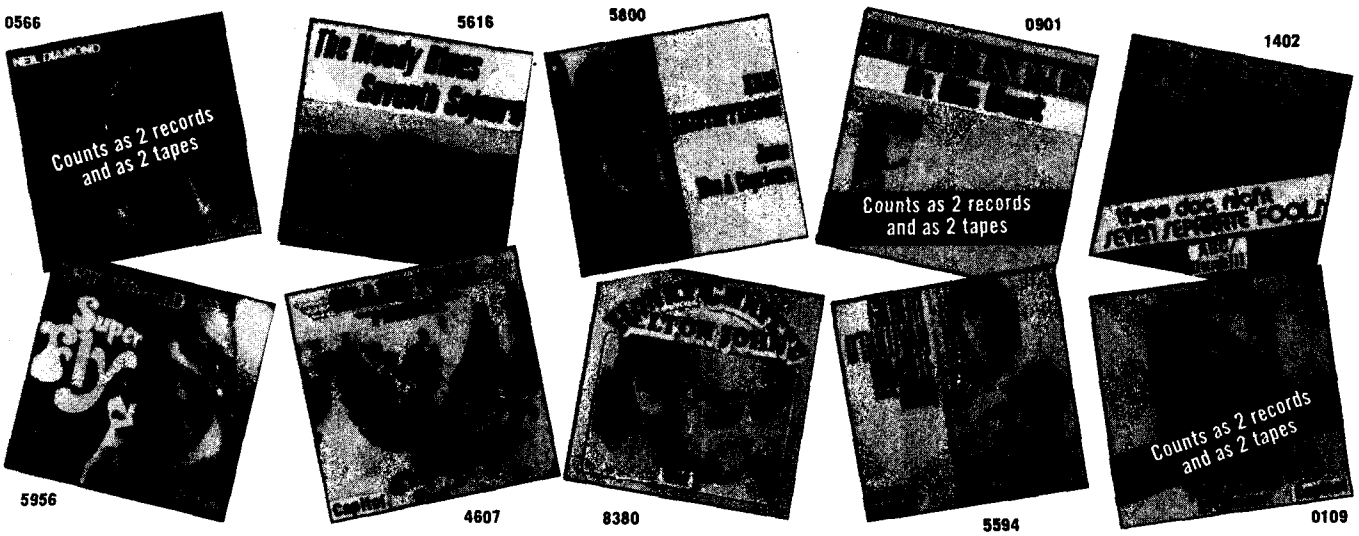

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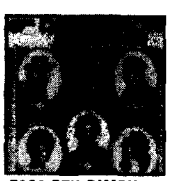

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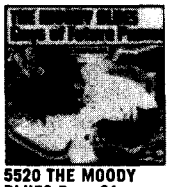

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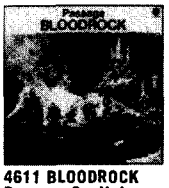

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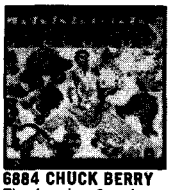

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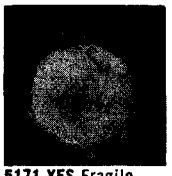

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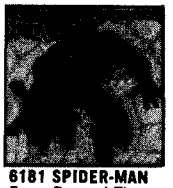

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Letters

[LTC HERBERT]

Editors / LTC Herbert's maudlin vignette of how he was a hero at Cu Loi [RAMPARTS, January 1973] was very touching, but he obscures the issue with his war stories. Does LTC Herbert visualize himself as the consummate American warrior, especially since he modelled for the infantry statue at Fort Benning?

He is contemptuous of the young men who fought in Vietnam–"they were no match for either the VC or the North Vietnamese regulars." These young men fought well, but what differentiates them from the Colonel Herberts is that they saw the futility and stupidity of the war. They were not there to get their tickets punched.

Herbert is crying crocodile tears–he was an Army man playing the Army game by Army rules. But he is symptomatic of the need to change the Army.

–Daniel Wright
Washington, D.C.

[WAR IS HELL]

Editors / The memoirs of Lt. Col. Herbert, specifically the atrocities perpetrated in presence of the U.S. Army lieutenant, is old news.

During WWII in the South Pacific and Southeast Asian theatre of operations, it was common practice for American GIs capturing Japanese POWs. The Aussies subsequently show up on the scene, offering to "take care of the Japs" for the GIs. The GIs turn them over to the Aussies. The Aussies herd them over the hills out of sight, then sounds of gun fire.

Only trouble, the American GIs have conscience pangs about going against the Geneva Convention on the handling of enemy prisoners. Worse, we let our allies the Aussies do the "dirty work," as our backs were turned.

The plain fact is war is hell!! It brutalizes, turns men into animals. Many of the GIs were sick and tired of the war! We wanted to have done with that stinking war, and go back home!! The realities of war dull one's sensitivities toward our fellow men, regardless of race or color. The inevitable result is, now we must still live with our consciences after all these years.

–Ex GI

[WHO LOST?]

Editors / I enjoyed Bo Burlingham's article "Who Really Lost the Election" [RAMPARTS, January 1973] and being black and a McGovern supporter I agreed with all the points made–[but] there is one group who lost a great deal as a result of the Nixon re-election. . . . McGovern promised to grant amnesty to draft dodgers and deserters while Nixon said "never" would he permit such a thing. Just think how these young men must have felt election night when they learned that the American public had voted, among other things, to keep them from coming home and being with their families and loved ones.

I served in Vietnam during the year 1968, and it was bad. However my misery lasted a year, albeit a long one, and it was over. Now I go to school and receive benefits from the Veterans Administration. What I am saying is that with the exception of the men disabled in the war the men who fought in the war are not doing too badly. But the men who refused (and justly so) to fight, pay–and pay with no forseeable end in sight; all because of what happened November 6th. I feel they have paid enough.

–Richard C. Anderson
Chicago, Illinois

[ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE]

Editors / In the Perspective column of the January 1973 RAMPARTS, Bo Burlingham offered a simple explanation for Nixon's election victory and, seemingly, for all the problems and inadequacies of American society: Americans are not a "good" or "compassionate" people. As if being evil and without compassion were not enough to explain it all, he also calls Americans "pathological" for ignoring the corruption of Nixon's government.

I would like to offer another perspective, starting with a few observations. First, although the anti-war movement has by no means stopped the War, its successes and its significance in a historical perspective are too often disregarded. The anti-war movement has toppled a president; it has been somewhat successful in limiting the War (more successful than Congress even when Congress has had the inclination); and it has forced reforms on the Democratic Party and the nomination of George McGovern.

There is, however, little reason for celebration. The anti-war movement has called for peace, but so has Nixon. While the anti-war movement vaguely maintains that the War is not a fluke but part of "the System," it has not explained the connection, dealt with the powerlessness and alienation that most Americans feel, faced the whole question of power, or made the most important challenge (that is also the most difficult to co-opt): the challenge to American capitalism.

As many of us saw the necessity of dealing with capitalism, both to change the society and end the War, the search began for an analytical framework, and an ideology. We moved from the anti-ideology of the sixties to the sectarianism of the early seventies. Ideologies conceived for different times and different places were adopted whole-hog, not as starting points or methodologies. Frustrated by the ongoing War and our inability to change things, many of us turned against the American people–and each other. We seemed to become a movement that seeks change *in spite of* the people rather than *by and for* the people. And, as we lost respect and concern for the American people, we lost sight of the goals and values that brought most of us into the movement. If Americans are bad, it is hard to get very excited about self-determination, workers' control, or democracy for Americans. One turns to power, and power alone, seeking easy blueprints to revolution; gone is the concern for the quality of life.

Americans are not evil, dumb, or insane, and the assertion that they are leaves the movement without a constituency or a reason for being. Faith in people–and love–are not counter-revolutionary or naive. We who have constituted ourselves into a movement to basically change this society would do well to take an important lesson from the Vietnamese (and from our own politics): the American government and its political processes must always be distinguished from the American people. . . .

Sure, as Bo points out, there is racism in America, and it extends beyond the government. But Bo has implicitly limited the possibilities for understanding the present, as well as for future action, by hypothesizing that the American people must be either good or evil. He has eliminated a "middle" position that I find much closer to reality: there is racism, but all who espouse or believe in it are not evil or beyond change. If many or even most Americans have bought the racism, sexism, imperialism, and consumerism that so neatly emanates from and serves the interests of the individual and corporate rich, we should not cast the people aside; we must retain a belief in humanity and get down to the work of changing things.

The election has heightened the frustration and bitterness most of us feel. Nixon told the American people that war is peace, that brutality is honor, and that he is the candidate of working people. But his victory was not built on these absurdities nor, certainly, on any personal popularity, and I do not think it signals any new move to the right by the American people. I believe his "landslide," to the extent it had any real meaning, rested on his ability to seemingly defuse the Cold War and bring peace in Vietnam. American believes in–and fears–the Cold War, no matter how farcical it seems to us. Nixon could mine the harbors of North Vietnam and, simultaneously, visit and negotiate agreements with the Russians

(Continued on page 69)

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Uncommon Sense

Washington—The defeat of Tony Boyle as president of the United Mine Workers has ended the regime of a preposterous charlatan. The emperor Caligula's appointment of his horse as consul is history's only precedent for John L. Lewis's selection of Boyle as successor. Lewis had led the mineworkers to the front lines of American Labor's greatest battles. He was a ruthless tyrant, but a giant, a self-taught man of letters who could hurl rhetorical thunderbolts that left his adversaries speechless. Boyle, also a tyrant, was in person a pipsqueak, an ignoramus who could barely utter a coherent sentence.

In a matter of years, Boyle reduced the UMW to a shambles. The coal industry boomed anew and the companies, lusting for profits, cut corners to boost production. The miners paid a terrible price in lives and limbs. Boyle did nothing. Corruption became rampant. The union's constitution, never sacred under Lewis, was trampled by Boyle. Union conventions were packed to the walls with hand-picked delegates. Through it all, Boyle postured and preened, basking in the adulation of hirelings.

It was a grotesque spectacle that might have been comical were its consequences not so grim. Seventy-eight men died a horrible death in a mine explosion at Farmington, West Virginia in 1968. Boyle went to the scene and praised the coal company. Thousands of other miners were found to be dying slowly and painfully from the epidemic of black lung disease. Boyle's agents sought to sabotage the rank-and-file effort to gain compensation.

Finally, the miners' patience ran out. During the winter of 1969 they shut down the coal industry in West Virginia for three weeks in an unauthorized strike, forcing the state legislature to grant them compensation for their wrecked lungs. Then Jock Yablonski, a union executive board member for 27 years, broke ranks to challenge Boyle for the presidency, and the burgeoning insurgent miners' movement closed ranks behind him. Fearing defeat, the Boyle machine rigged the election. But even by its crooked count, Yablonski rolled up 46,000 votes—nearly 40 percent. Three weeks later, in January of 1970, scruffy thugs broke into Yablonski's home and murdered him, his wife and daughter. They had been hired by a pro-Boyle local union president from Tennessee, where violence and loyalty to Boyle were the twin symbols of UMW activity.

Boyle blustered and shrieked that he and the union weren't involved. But the trail of indictments gradually climbed the ladder of the union hierarchy—a local president, a district representative, finally a close Boyle ally on the International Executive Board. The Justice Department expected the indictments to go even higher if those awaiting trial decided to co-operate.

After the murders, the hierarchy suffered a stunning series of courtroom reverses. A suit charging misuse of the miners' pension fund resulted in a huge damage award and Boyle's dismissal as a fund trustee. The Boyle practice of appointing regional officials was declared illegal and elections were ordered. Boyle was convicted of illegally using the miners' dues for political donations, hit with a stiff fine and sentenced to five years in jail. His re-election over Yablonski was declared fraudulent and a new one was scheduled under strict government supervision.

So here was Boyle, a convicted felon and a thumping ass besides, standing for re-election at age 68 with the Yablonski murders and a jail sentence hanging over him. To oppose him, the insurgents nominated Arnold Miller, a soft-spoken and thoughtful 49-year-old miner from Cabin Creek, West Virginia. Miller suffered from black lung and had helped lead the fight for its compensation in West Virginia. He and his running mates—Mike Trbovich, perhaps Yablonski's closest friend, and Harry Patrick, a burly, determined young miner from the busy mining country of northern West Virginia, were able and decent men who would long since have been elevated to high office in any democratic union. Their campaign was professionally organized, well-staffed and adequately financed. In retrospect, it might seem that their resounding victory was inevitable. But no one who stood on that frozen cemetery hilltop in the Pennsylvania coal fields three years ago and watched the coffins of Joseph, Margaret and Charlotte Yablonski lowered into the ground could have believed that a rank-and-file triumph was inevitable by 1973.

Miller, Trbovich and Patrick gathered for the swearing-in ceremony in the basement of the UMW's baronial headquarters—once an exclusive downtown Washington men's club. The room was jammed and the walls, decorated with dozens of editorial cartoons of the great Lewis in his heyday, were ringed with standing miners. Many of these men, who had been fighting the union's dictatorial hierarchy for as long as they could remember, had tears in their eyes as they watched three members from their ranks assume the organization's highest offices. The cheers were deafening.

Miller had promised to turn back to the membership the autocratic power so long exercised by Boyle and his associates. But that process would take time. For now, the power was his and he used it with stunning swiftness. Twenty members of the International Executive Board were fired, and Miller named interim replacements to serve until elections for the posts could be held. The new board met on the spot to approve Miller's actions and to nullify those taken by the old board only days before. The old guard could take the matter to court and argue that they were the rightful board members. But the new officers controlled the union's buildings and its payroll. The once-mighty Boyle organization was at last outside looking in.

—Brit Hume

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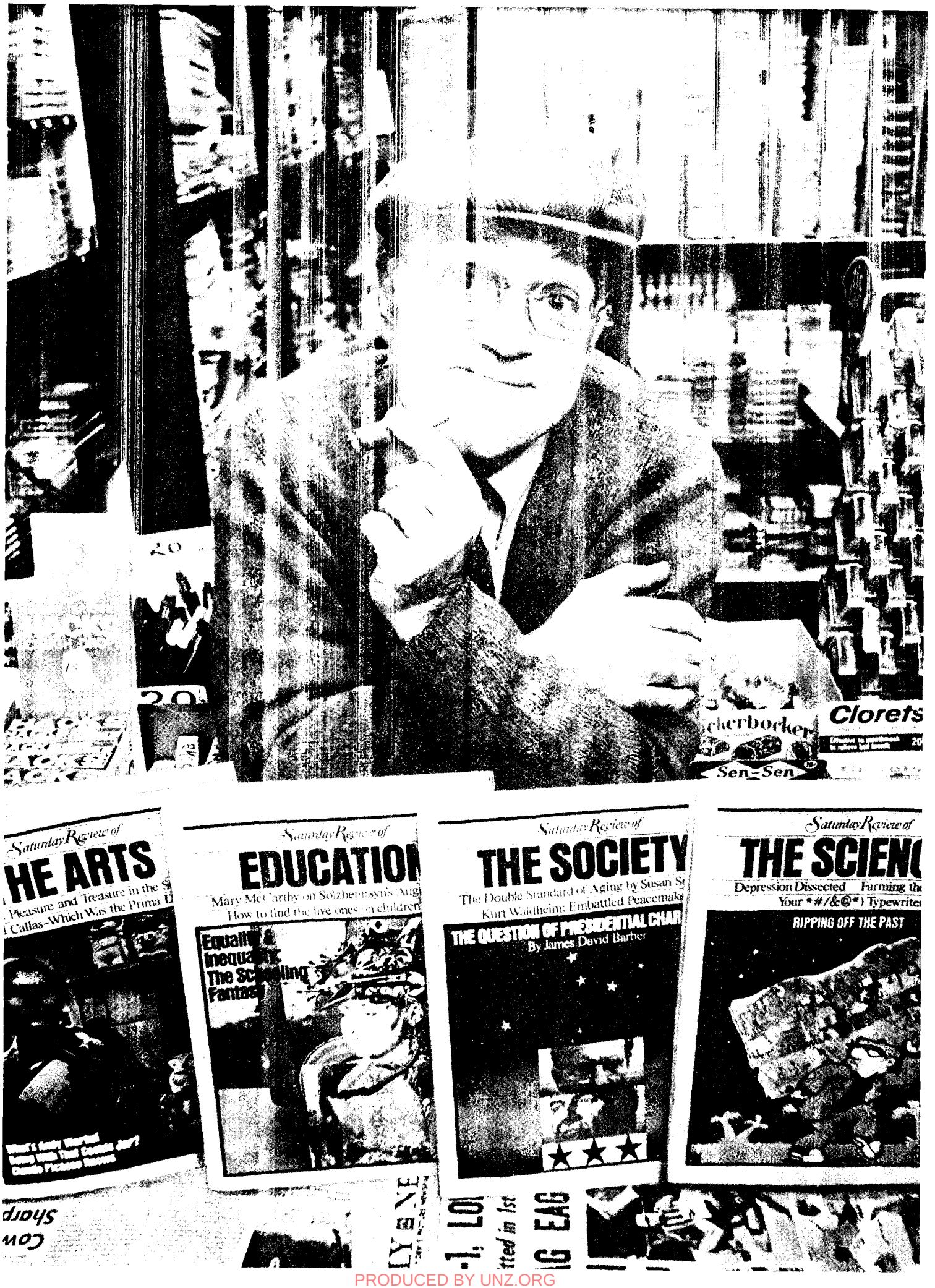

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"PEACE IS AT HAND...."

Henry Kissinger

by David Landau

As this is being written, the war has entered another one of its ominous lulls. The raids above the 20th parallel have stopped, and negotiations have resumed in Paris. The White House has spread the impression that the other side will give in and negotiate "seriously." Even so, the likelihood is that the new talks have come about not through a "signal" from the North but rather through the President's desire to assuage Congress, to appear interested in serious compromise and thus head off a new debate on Capitol Hill as to whether there should be an end of funding for the war.

Very few people clearly understood the proposed agreement that Kissinger described on October 26—a circumstance which enabled the White House to get away with its charade. The nine-point draft was not a hard-and-fast set of terms, but rather a vague statement of principle which left many of the central issues unresolved. As Kissinger himself acknowledged, the nine points were based on a separation of military and political matters; in that way, each side could set aside certain of its fixed objectives and "agree not to agree" on the irreconcilable differences of *principle* that had fueled the war.

On the central issue, political power in the South, Hanoi and the NLF were dropping their long-standing insistence that Nguyen Van Thieu be removed before a settlement was signed; the U.S., in turn, would not demand that Thieu remain in power for any period of time longer than roughly 90 days. The political arrangements in the South would be ambiguous; if Thieu were later to be overthrown, Washington could say that the old Saigon regime, and Saigon alone, was to blame. And if the U.S. carried out its promised withdrawal, along with its tacit pledge not to commit itself further to the maintenance of the Saigon regime, Hanoi and the NLF were sure at some time in the future to realize their own long-standing goal: the removal of Thieu and the birth of an independent, united Vietnam.

Perhaps the most cynical and quietly brutal fact of the Nixon Administration's Vietnam policy is that, for all the violence it has perpetrated, the Administration has never been especially interested in the ultimate fate of the Thieu regime. This is not to deny the American President's considerable admiration of his South Vietnamese counterpart; it is just that Nixon and Kissinger, cold-blooded pragmatists that they are, have long understood privately that Thieu is a lonely, isolated figure in his own country and that no American military effort worth the undertaking can alter that essential reality. The private U.S. negotiating position, conceived jointly by Nixon and Kissinger and promulgated in Paris since 1969, is that there need only be a "decent interval" between any U.S. withdrawal and what is acknowledged to be the inevitable collapse of the Saigon regime. The problem with the decent interval is that the other side, with good reason, has never felt confident enough of U.S. trustworthiness to accept it.

The decent interval is more than anything else a cosmetic device to disguise a fundamental failure of U.S. policy. It has been pursued first in the hope that, if realized, it would make America's allies in other areas of the world less afraid that Washington will stand aside when their turns arrive to be swallowed by the Communist giants. But more fundamentally, even as Vietnam itself may be lost, the decent interval has been intended to redeem the Vietnam *experience,* to exonerate *all* the judgments and intentions which brought it about. Whatever their private doubts and failures, the public behavior of a generation of U.S. officials would stand vindicated for all the world to see. No wonder Hanoi has been reluctant to negotiate on this basis. If America is so foolish as not to acknowledge a plain mistake, might it not seek, after a settlement, to turn its decent interval into a form of permanent victory, the fullest possible vindication of its efforts?

Some critics of the war—notably I. F. Stone—find it implausible that Nixon and Kissinger are seeking this "decent interval" as opposed to a "real victory" in Vietnam. But the weight of evidence—Kissinger's private statements to dozens of colleagues and diplomats, Nixon's repeated public declarations that U.S. policy seeks to give Saigon a "reasonable" as distinct from total opportunity to survive, etc., etc.—inclines heavily toward the interval. Moreover, in supposing that the White House seriously believes it can win a military victory, these critics grossly underestimate what is most pathological in the Administration's policy: the Quixotic thirst for "honor and prestige." The point is quite simply that, as a negotiating position, the decent interval is every bit as outrageously cynical as the demand for total surrender. Since 1969, Hanoi has justifiably viewed it as surrender in another form.

The most blatant operational defect of the decent interval has been that it can be negotiated only under conditions of extreme secrecy. For that reason, the interval idea has never gained any concrete expression even in private U.S. proposals, because those proposals, if accepted, were inevitably to become public. Hence the interval could only be explained "informally" to the other side in the private meetings, while the concrete proposals themselves demanded far more humiliating concessions from Hanoi and the NLF, such as withdrawal of North Vietnamese troops from the South and the Communists' acquiescence in a rigged re-election of the Thieu regime. Regardless of substance, the other side

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had long, and justly, regarded even the rhetoric of such a settlement as unacceptable; in the circumstances of this war, rhetoric assumes a force and reality all its own, and by paying even lip service to the U.S. demands the NLF would have lost far more than a few months' time and prestige: its entire movement could have eroded, and with that erosion, its chances of success in the struggle for control of the South would have disappeared. Since 1969, the White House had not once grasped or deigned to acknowledge this essential fact: the other side would never accept a treaty which conferred on Thieu any title, however empty, as the legitimate head of state in South Vietnam.

Only with this background in mind can we properly understand what allowed the negotiations to reach high pitch in October and then caused them to collapse two months later. By all accounts, the bargaining began in earnest when Hanoi agreed to drop its demand that Thieu be removed before substantive talks took place. Clearly, the other side was influenced by what it perceived as a forthcoming Nixon landslide, and decided in late summer to strike the best available compromise with Washington so that the U.S. would withdraw and the war would not continue at the same frightful level for four more years. Yet they would settle only if the final agreement were to leave the political future of the South completely ambiguous; only if, in other words, the U.S. were correspondingly willing to drop its demand to perpetuate the Saigon regime.

Since the U.S. position had long contemplated the eventual overthrow of Saigon, the way toward a negotiated agreement was open at last—or so it seemed to Nixon and Kissinger. The nine points were worked out in Paris, providing for U.S. withdrawal, omitting mention of Hanoi's troops in the South, permitting Thieu to remain in power but establishing a joint political body—the National Council of Reconciliation and Concord—to assume many vital governmental functions, including the all-important mandate to set up elections for a new government. With some perfunctory tidying up—American POWs to be released immediately, Vietnamese prisoners to be freed by negotiated agreement, within roughly 90 days—Kissinger could almost have declared with justice that "peace is at hand."

But not quite. Kissinger and the President had not yet enunciated the vital concessions. Despite the obvious steps toward compromise, which had been made and acknowledged by Hanoi, the White House was still saying that no corresponding adjustments had been made in Washington. It did not want to "admit" any failure. In his October 26 news conference, Kissinger described the nine points not as a compromise pact but as a virtual surrender

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by the North: "We believe that an agreement is within sight on the May 8 proposals of the President and some adaptations of our January 25 proposals, which is just to all parties." These two sets of proposals had both been made to Hanoi in the President's characteristically insulting fashion—one along with Nixon's self-serving disclosure of Kissinger's secret talks with Le Duc Tho (talks which both sides had pledged to keep secret) and the second along with Nixon's announcement that North Vietnam's waters were being mined. Each set of proposals had earlier been loudly rejected by the other side. And yet here was Kissinger telling the nation that the North Vietnamese were willing to settle on precisely those terms!

Kissinger's arrogance was so enormous that at one point in his October announcement he singled out by name the head of government in Hanoi, Pham Van Dong, and accused him of failing to understand precisely what the agreement contained:

"There were certain ambiguities that were raised by the interview that the North Vietnamese Prime Minister, Pham Van Dong, gave to one of the weekly journals in which he seemed to be, with respect to one or two points, under a misapprehension as to what the agreement contained, and at any rate we would like to have that clarified.

"There are linguistic problems in which, for example, we call the National Council of Reconciliation an administrative structure in order to make clear that we do not see it as anything comparable to a coalition government. We want to make sure that the Vietnamese text conveys the same meaning. . . ."

Linguistics problems indeed! The issue in contention here was nothing less than the central matter of dispute in a twelve-year war. In an interview given to *Newsweek* magazine, Pham Van Dong made clear his government's position that the National Council of Reconciliation would act as a "three-sided coalition of transition" and would serve as the primary authority in setting up elections for a new government. Thieu could participate—a clear concession on Hanoi's part—but his own authority on the matter of elections would be subservient to that of the Council as a whole. Yet Kissinger depicted the Council as a virtually powerless adjunct to an unchanged Thieu regime; he referred to the Council as "an institutionalization of the election commission that we proposed on Jan. 25 in our plan." There was a major discrepancy brewing here, not to be written off as a technical or linguistic problem, and not minimized by Kissinger's rather indelicate suggestion that the North Vietnamese head of state was misinformed as to what his own representatives had negotiated with the U.S.

A number of complications were emerging. If the October agreement was to work, each side would have to be as inexplicit as possible about political arrangements in the South. Only in this manner could there possibly be a negotiated agreement that was "just to all parties." It is also clear, if one is to draw any sensible conclusion from Hanoi's repeated clamoring after October 26 that the agreement was complete and should be signed, that the two sides had concurred in private to leave ambiguous any treatment of sensitive political issues. Yet in his statements on October 26, Kissinger was still behaving as if Hanoi had made all the major concessions and had consented to sign a treaty based on the U.S. position. In other words, Kissinger had agreed privately to one version and then publicly disclosed another version that was rhetorically much different, tougher on Hanoi and more favorable to the U.S. As the subsequent lapse of the negotiations suggested, this rhetorical indulgence became, as it inevitably would, an irreconcilable difference on a matter of the greatest possible substance. Despite the possibility of an agreement, Kissinger was still acting "honorably," striving to mask any hint or evidence of a major concession on

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Washington's part. An informed reading of Kissinger's October 26 news conference would have revealed that, far from an impending agreement, the collapse of the negotiations had already been foretold.

Kissinger's open insult of Pham Van Dong would itself have provided ample reason to discount his recklessly optimistic statement that "peace is at hand." But there were other reasons as well: Kissinger has long been a proverbial optimist on this very subject, and has been proclaiming wrongly since 1969, to a variety of private audiences, that an agreement was in the offing, that all he and the President needed was a breathing spell of three to six months to bring the situation under control. Time and again, Kissinger has repeated this assessment to the Washington press corps in his now well-known "background briefings," those sessions with newsmen whose ground rules are that Kissinger cannot be named and that his words cannot be directly quoted. What was unique about Kissinger's performance of October 26 was not his prediction of an imminent peace but the fact that his prediction was made publicly. Every accredited White House correspondent was aware of that fact, yet ignored the tell-tale evidence that Kissinger was again misinforming the press.

As importantly, Kissinger (along with, for that matter, Nixon) had long espoused the notion that lies and deception of the public are legitimate and indeed necessary tools of statesmanship. Kissinger's own application of this long-venerated principle has never been as intense and protracted as in his conduct of the Vietnam negotiations. In a background briefing after the invasion of Cambodia, Kissinger went so far as to acknowledge that systematic deception lay at the very heart of the Administration's Vietnam policy: "We have to convince the American people that we will pull out our troops, but we have to convince Hanoi that the withdrawal is not independent of their actions, so that they have an incentive to negotiate." Tell Hanoi one thing, and then tell America another. Kissinger did just that on October 26.

None of this, needless to say, received very much notice amid the euphoria produced by Kissinger's much-heralded "virtuoso" briefing on the Paris talks. This particularly striking appearance by Kissinger, a man who does not frequently offer himself up for any measure of public scrutiny, was an instant smash hit. The flashing of his imp-like form and his Teutonic voice across the nation's great airways was an event unprecedented in this Administration, and it engulfed the White House in torrents of praise and adulation. The nine-point agreement spelled out by Kissinger, intoned the *New York Times*, "represents a truly remarkable achievement for the tireless professor-turned-diplomat. He deserves the thanks of the nation." The *Times'* great figurehead, James Reston, weighed in with his approval when he observed, in a passage that must have warmed Henry's heart, that "the efforts of Dr. Kissinger in these last few months will make one of the most intriguing chapters in the long and chequered history of American diplomacy." The covers of the major newsweeklies were adorned with the slogans "The Shape of Peace" and "Good-by Vietnam." Even the President's most eloquent critics were dumbfounded and fooled. Speaking in Iowa City a few hours after Kissinger's proclamation, all George McGovern could do was to stammer, "The question that haunts my mind this afternoon, Mr. Nixon, is why did you take four years to end this tragic war?" It was more than a week after the October 26 news conference that McGovern realized the President "has no plan for ending this war."

In another sense, however, Nixon *did* have a plan, it appears, to end the war. It is the same plan to which he and Kissinger have clung so ferociously during their four years of abusing negotiations and inflicting daily violence on the other side; it is a plan, in other words, which will never work, a plan to impose an agreement by force. There is no sign whatever that Nixon and Kissinger for one moment abandoned this tortured logic, even during the "peace is at hand" days of last fall. Despite his own proclamation, Kissinger well knew that matters of substance remained to be resolved after October 26, because he understood that the President was not fully satisfied with the nine-point draft as it stood in its ambiguous form. (To imagine that Kissinger could not have known this, and that he was duped by the President, as many admirers of Kissinger have recently done, is grossly to miscalculate the remarkable nature of Kissinger's own bureaucratic guile.) Yet Kissinger himself never particularly realized the impossibility of clearing Nixon's proposed changes with the other side; here he was victimized by the same blind faith in the power of the United States and in the irresistible persuasiveness of his own negotiating abilities which had caused him to predict wrongly since 1969 that the war would end soon.

Kissinger's statement of October 26, it seems, was another in a long line of White House ploys, albeit the most spectacular to date, of forcing the other side to give in on U.S. terms. By exaggerating the progress that had been made in the talks, Kissinger would insure the President's re-election. Then, in a position to threaten Hanoi with a four-year continuation of the war, Kissinger would be able to win the necessary, final concessions from the other side. (Forseeing this possibility, Hanoi had earlier insisted on an October 31 deadline for the signing of a treaty, to no avail.) Peace, then, really *would* be at hand. The claim as Kissinger made it on October 26 was deceptive and misleading. Yet as Kissinger probably saw it, he was simply engaging in his own brand of justified deception, the necessary means to a virtuous end. At a deeper level, the level at which Kissinger prefers to see himself as an earnest and sincere man, the statement was not merely a lie. It was meant to be its own self-fulfilling prophecy.

The strategy took shape when Kissinger returned to Paris in late November. The U.S. toughened its position and reverted to its rigid negotiation stance of earlier years. There were *two* Vietnams; Hanoi must cease support of the NLF even as Washington continued its assistance to Saigon; this was to be no makeshift solution, but, as Kissinger would announce, "a peace that had a chance of lasting." These changes in the U.S. position became evident when Kissinger re-appeared before the press

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on December 16 to explain the collapse of the Vietnam negotiations; this he did, of course, by placing the full blame on Hanoi. Regardless, it was clear that Washington, not Hanoi, had backtracked from the October document. The ambiguities about political power in the South would have to be removed if the treaty were to be signed: "... we wanted some reference in the agreement, however allusive, however indirect, which would make clear that the *two parts* of Vietnam would live in peace with each other and that neither side would impose its solution on the other by force." Despite a prior U.S. pledge to cease interference in the internal affairs of Vietnam, Kissinger announced that Washington was still committed to a non-Communist government in Saigon: "... we will not make a settlement which is a disguised form of continued warfare and which brings about, by indirection, what we have always said we would not tolerate." Kissinger even went so far as to say that Hanoi must refrain from any involvement, political or military, in South Vietnam: "... we cannot accept the proposition that North Vietnam has a right of constant intervention in the South." These were formidable changes indeed; and, according to Xuan Thuy, speaking recently on ABC's *Issues and Answers*, Kissinger threatened Hanoi at the end of the November session that the war would be re-escalated if, when the talks resumed, the changes were not accepted. At the December session, Hanoi followed suit and began to back away from the agreed-on document—standard diplomatic procedure when the other party to negotiations had already done the same—and that, in turn, led to Kissinger's undiplomatic assertion of December 16 that because of the other side's obstinancy "one frivolous issue after another was raised in the last three days."

What the President and Kissinger had done, in effect, was to seek a lengthening of the decent interval, to demand a reversion to their long-standing position that the interval must be more than a few months. In the October agreement, the political issues were left to be resolved by the contending sides in the South in negotiations which were said would take about 90 days. That arrangement provided an interval of perhaps six months—a shorter interval than Washington had ever before accepted. Yet after the election, by demanding that Hanoi recognize the sovereignty of the South and cease all open aid to the NLF, Washington sought to reinstate an interval of several years' time by confining its opponent to underground tactics and by forcing him to seek circuitously a goal which, on paper, he would already have renounced. That is precisely the position which Washington had taken four years ago and ever since refused to compromise. It had repeatedly been refused by Hanoi because an interval of years clearly ceases, in military and political terms, to be an interval at all; it is merely an abbreviated form of permanent victory for the United States, and, for the other side, a crushing defeat. For these reasons, it is no surprise the negotiations are in ruins.

A week or so after the October 26 announcement, Kissinger remarked to Oriana Fallaci, the Italian journalist, "I'm not disappointed. I should be, certainly, were Hanoi ... to refuse to discuss any alterations. But, no, I can't believe it. I can't even suspect that we've come so far only to fail on a matter of prestige, of procedures, of dates, of nuances." One of Kissinger's greatest failures all along has been to ignore the fact that prestige, procedure and nuance are matters crucial to the settlement of the war from both sides' point of view. After all, it is not Hanoi that has been performing a charade in Vietnam during the past four years, not Hanoi which has inflicted violence on millions in pursuit of something it knows it cannot have; the North has been fighting for its life in this war, and it is the United States which is exclusively guilty of prolonging the war on grounds of what it calls prestige. It is dubious that America's present conduct in Vietnam, rather than unconditional withdrawal, has better served the U.S. image abroad. And it is clear that the Kissinger negotiating strategy has failed to extricate the U.S. from the war "honorably," even on its own terms of honorability. If allowed to pursue their policy unchecked, the President and Kissinger will bring not peace with honor but only escalation and endless war.

But at the heart of their policy lies an even greater misperception, a failure which has been much more fundamental than their inability to devise a workable negotiating position on the war. That is their view that this war could somehow have been ended in a manner that justified its origins and upheld its rectitude. For despite all that has happened, the President and Kissinger will not hear of the fact that Vietnam has exposed something very wrong and very ugly about American society, that the war's immense disruptive effect on the lives of the Vietnamese and of our own country cannot be dismissed with a rapid diplomatic sleight of hand. Nixon and Kissinger have not been alone in that failure; most Americans have shared in it as well. How many of us have persistently demanded that our leaders treat the war in an honest and open fashion? How many of us have objected to the notion that American honor can somehow be salvaged with the appearance of a victorious departure from Vietnam? How many of us have dared say that an American victory in the war would be the worst possible outcome of all, that the crushing of a national liberation movement in Vietnam and the rigidifying of America's imperial impulse in other areas of the globe can only contribute to the disintegration of world peace? In spite of his manifold failures, the press continues to hail Henry Kissinger as a diplomatic wizard; while Vietnam stands at the brink of complete physical destruction, we still suffer gladly the delusion that American honor can be salvaged from the wreckage. It is primarily Nixon's and Kissinger's failure, but it could not have been sustained for so long without the assent and co-operation of most of America. And that has been the most monstrous failure of all.

—January 6, 1973

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THE ALMANAC

by Derek Shearer

Almost three years after Earth Day, 1970, eco-consciousness in America appears to be as strong as it has ever been. In the fall elections, environmental propositions were passed by voters in Colorado (the Winter Olympics issue) and California (the initiative to preserve the coastline), and a number of politicians were elected to Congress on ecology-oriented platforms. Court actions against factories and power plants that pollute the environment continue to meet with success.

Still, the ecology movement–such as it is–lacks a sophisticated understanding of the relationship between the environment and the politico-economic system. Those looking for such a perspective can turn to a number of important books:

The Closing Circle–Nature, Man & Technology by **Barry Commoner** (Bantam paperback). Written by an ecologist at Washington University in St. Louis who has become a major figure in the environmental movement, the book is important for its criticism of American industry.

Economics and Ecology by **Matt Edel** (Prentice-Hall Paperback) is the first good primer on the subject by a very bright radical economist.

The Politics of Ecology and **The Last Play** both by **James Ridgeway** (both in Dutton paperback). In the first book, Ridgeway outlines the relationship between the government and the forces of environmental destruction. In his more recent study, he investigates the attempts of multinational corporations to corner the world's sources of energy.

Beyond Repair: The Ecology of Capitalism by **Barry Weisberg** (Beacon paperback). In spite of its grating tone, this book offers a good counter-argument to those who believe the environment can be saved without altering significantly the economic system.

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc., should be addressed to Derek Shearer, RAMPARTS *Magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.*

One of the best short pieces on ecology is the illustrated booklet **The Earth Belongs to the People.** Single copies cost 75 cents. It is available in bulk at the following rates: 10-50 copies at 50 cents each; 51-100 at 40 cents; and 101 or more at 35 cents. (Write: The Peoples Press, 968 Valencia St., San Francisco, Calif. 94110. Tel. 415-282-0856).

The Environment Information Center, Inc. has recently published a critical guide to over 600 ecology films which could be useful to community groups. Copies of **The Environment Film Review**, cost $18 each. (Write: Environment Information Center, Inc., 124 East 39th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016).

Until recently, there were two excellent ecology-oriented magazines, and the passing of San Francisco's **Clear Creek** is an event to be mourned by all concerned about the environment. It virtually leaves the field to **Environment**, published by the Committee for Environmental Information. Subscriptions cost $10 a year; $7.50 for students. (Write: P.O. Box 755, Bridgeton, Mo. 63044).

As for activist organization, **Environmental Action**–an outgrowth of **Earth Day**–is about as active as they come. The group publishes an informative bi-weekly newsletter; subscriptions: $7.50 a year. (Write: Environmental Action, Inc. Suite 731, 1346 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, Tel. 202-833-1845). It also assists local groups in action and research. Their paperbacks on eco-action–entitled **Earth Day, Earth Tool Kit**, and **Ecotage**–are available on request, or through most bookstores. Incidentally, this outfit defines environment broadly enough to include inner city housing, unsafe working conditions, and highways.

Like the ecology movement, the health care movement continues to grow although it no longer occupies the public spotlight. It too turns out interesting literature, most of which is referred to in **The Politics of Health Care**–a bibliography and guide to articles, books, and organizations dealing with health care. This booklet was compiled recently by two members of the Boston **Medical Committee for Human Rights**, Ken Rosenberg and Gordon Schiff. Copies are available for 35 cents plus 15 cents postage each. (Write: New England Free Press, 791 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. 02118).

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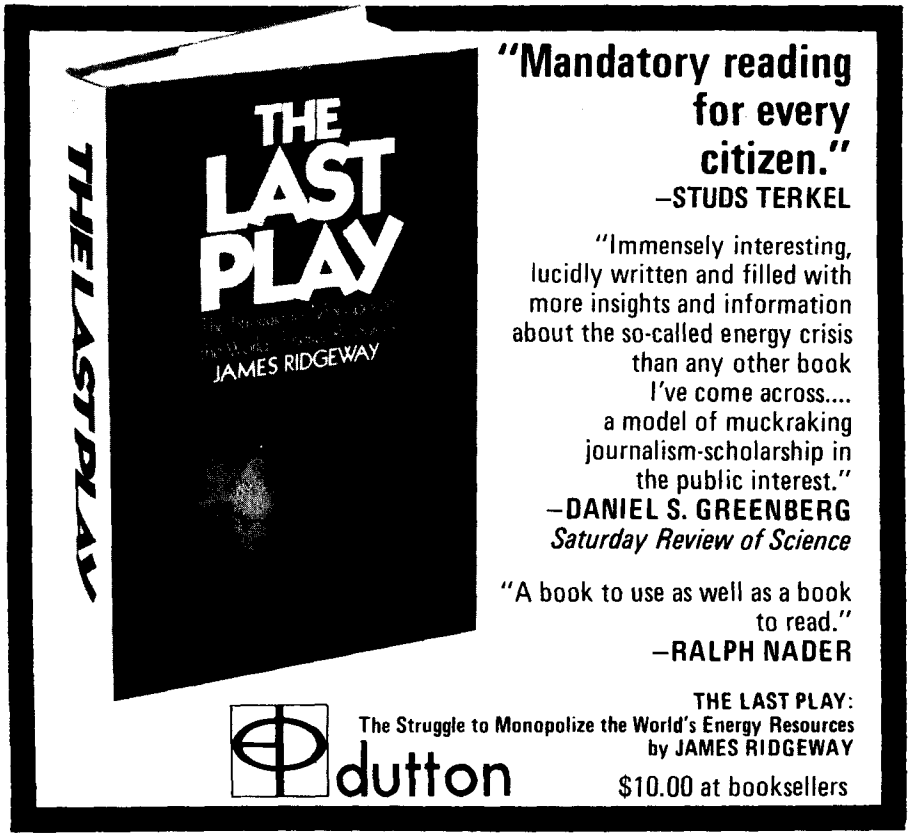
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Committee for Human Rights publishes the monthly **Health Rights News**. Subscriptions cost $5 a year. (Write: MCHR, 2251 West Taylor, Chicago, Ill. 60612). MCHR, an organization of health people, has chapters in most major cities in the country. The San Francisco Bay Area Chapter recently issued a pamphlet called **Billions for Band-Aids**—an analysis of the U.S. health care system and of proposals for its reform. ($2 each. Write: Bay Area Chapter, MCHR, P.O. Box 7677, San Francisco, Calif. 94119).

The **Health Policy Advisory Center** provides research on the American health system, conducts workshops, and supplies technical assistance and speakers for community, worker, and student groups. It publishes the monthly **Health-PAC Bulletin**; subscriptions are $7 a year and $5 for students. (Write: Health-PAC, 17 Murray St., New York, N.Y. 10007. Tel. 212-267-8890).

Two new books provide practical information for nonprofessionals who wish to know how to care for their bodies. **The People's Handbook of Medical Care** (Vintage paperback) by **Arthur Frank**, M.D. and **Stuart Frank**, M.D., both members of the Medical Committee for Human Rights, gives basic information on selecting doctors, choosing hospitals, covering medical costs, recognizing diseases, and dealing with many common injuries. In addition, the book includes a directory of free clinics around the country.

Our Bodies, Ourselves (Simon and Schuster paperback) grew out of a booklet produced by the **Boston Women's Health Course Collective** called **Women and Their Bodies.** It is the best guide available on health care for women and includes sections on birth control, pregnancy, abortion, and the role of women in the health field.

For a look at the way China tackles these problems, check out **Ruth Sidel's** first-hand account of **Women and Child Care in China** (Hill and Wang hardcover). Also of interest is **Away with All Pests** by Dr. **Joshua Horn** (Monthly Review paperback). Horn, an English surgeon, reports on his stay in the People's Republic from 1954 to 1969 and gives a basic description of the Chinese health delivery system. ■

SPOOKS ON PARADE

by James Otis

The American press has been notoriously slow in following up leads on stories about the CIA. Until RAMPARTS' expose of the CIA's involvement in the National Student Association prodded such papers as the *New York Times* into action, few if any U.S. papers would carry critical pieces on the Agency. Now it appears that the *Times* and other papers have slipped back into their former state of lethargy.

The November 12, 1972 issue of *Parade*, a Sunday magazine which appears in over 100 newspapers, carried a story entitled "CIA Recruiting" in its "Keeping Up . . . With Youth" column. The story, complete with photographic evidence, described how the CIA uses a phony Army cover to recruit students into the Agency.

Parade discovered the story when two students from a west coast university contacted its office and told how they had answered an ad in the *Chicago Tribune* for Russian linguists. The ad listed an attractive salary and gave a post office box in Washington, D.C. The students, who had majored in Russian, wrote in and received a letter from a Lt. Colonel Stratton, commander of the so-called U.S. Army Research Translation Group.

An interview was arranged with Col. Stratton and the students took and passed a Russian proficiency test. When the colonel learned that the students also spoke Spanish, he said that was good because they would probably be posted to Latin America.

Attending a university as cover, the students were to translate tapes of conversations bugged at the Russian embassy in the Latin American country in which they were supposedly attending.

The two prospective student spooks declined the employment opportunity, rightly suspecting that the job really involved working for the CIA. They turned over the record of their correspondence to *Parade* which contacted the government in an attempt to confirm the story.

In response to *Parade*'s inquiries, CIA director Richard Helms (who has since become Ambassador to Iran) called *Parade*'s editorial offices and suggested that it would not be in the national interest for *Parade* to expose this CIA cover. Helms said how difficult it is for the Agency to find good young people these days, and asked the *Parade* editors to act "as patriots." One *Parade* editor, to his credit, replied, "Mr. Helms, we'll leave that sort of patriotism to Howard Hunt and Bernard Barker,"—two of the former CIA employees indicted in the Watergate case.

In advance of publication, *Parade* sent copies of the story to the wire services, the *Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and other leading papers. None of these followed up the story or even reported on the *Parade* story. No TV or radio news station reported the story.

It is well known among reporters in Washington that the CIA bugs numerous foreign embassies both in the U.S. and in other countries. But that students are recruited, using a student cover, to help in this work, would seem newsworthy.

Congress has steadfastly refused to investigate CIA activities at home and abroad, which leaves only the press to protect the public interest. And if this latest incident is an example, they are doing the job with something less than vigilance. ■

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THE MOST LOATHSOME MAN IN THE SENATE

by Harry Stein

"The only reason we need zip codes . . .

is that niggers can't read."—*Sen. Scott*

Midway through his successful campaign for Virginia's junior Senate seat last fall, GOP Congressman William Lloyd Scott was confronted during a lunch break by a Bolex-toting cameraman down from New York. "What are you doing here?" drawled Scott, eyeing the young man's fashionably hip beard. The cameraman replied that he'd been assigned to get candid shots of the candidate by the campaign's media people. "I'll bet," said Scott, "that you're for the McGovern fella." The cameraman denied any political preferences whatsoever and moved in for a tight shot of Scott munching on a piece of pie. When he was within three feet, the candidate turned and spewed a mouthful directly into the lens.

Over the years, the U.S. Senate has had its share of thieves, brawlers, backstabbers, dirty old men, and reactionary boobs. But on the record, there has never been a senator quite like the freshman senator from Virginia. Scott is a political Neanderthal and an acknowledged incompetent, disliked even by most of his ideological allies. As one of his former aides, a man sympathetic to Scott's political views, commented during the campaign, Bill Scott in the United States Senate constitutes "a goddamn national calamity."

Scott owes his November victory to the Nixon landslide. The President carried Virginia with a record 67 percent of the vote, and Scott sneaked by with a surprisingly strong 52 percent—largely because he affixed his campaign to the top of the ticket with a rhetorical version of epoxy glue (one of his leaflets proclaimed that "Virginians have the unique opportunity to vote for President Nixon *twice* this year.") His opponent, Senator William Spong, was the only Democratic incumbent to lose his seat last fall.

Scott's well-oiled media blitz, aided by a last minute $200,000 "loan" from right-wing industrialist J. Stetson Coleman, effectively portrayed his opponent as a befuddled equivocator, a characterization not far from the

Harry Stein is an editor of the Richmond *(Va.)* Mercury.

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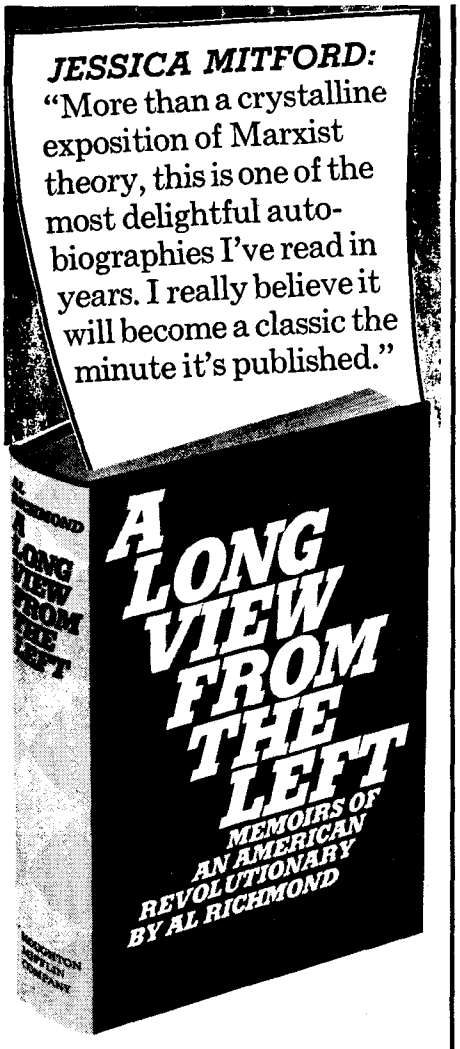
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truth. Spong, meanwhile, in his poorly organized and haphazard campaign, failed to pin anything on Scott. And, with his record, Scott could have made one hell of a political pin cushion.

To begin with, Virginia's new senator is noted for his hard-nosed approach to racial problems: he hates black people. The Virginia branch of Blacks for the Re-election of the President, which was credited with swinging thousands of black votes to Nixon in Richmond and Petersburg, failed to endorse Scott. "It's very difficult to

BILL NELSON

sell him to the black community," noted Earl Gray, a spokesman for the group during the campaign. "Many people feel that he has not yet responded to queries raised about his attitude toward black needs."

Others often put it less delicately Black Congressman Walter Fauntroy of the District of Columbia, who occasionally tangled with Scott in the House over the funding of various projects for the capital city, says, "He has an anti-black feeling that's deep and at time perverts his judgment." In an exposé of Scott, *The Washingtonian* magazine quoted an employee of the House Post Office Committee, on which he served, who cited Scott's frequent comment that "the only reason we need zip codes is that niggers can't read."

Scott has also engendered bad feelings with organized labor, particularly with the civil service unions. On the Post Office Committee, Scott consistently opposed increases in benefits for government employees, causing labor to stage what James H. Rademacher of the Letter Carriers Union termed an "educational drive" during the campaign to acquaint the public with Scott's history.

Ken Meikeljohn of COPE, the political arm of the AFL-CIO, states the labor position on Virginia's new senator succinctly. "He has a zero record as far as we're concerned. Even Joel Broyhill [a notoriously anti-labor representative from Virginia] is better."

Nor is Scott's record strong on ecology. The League of Conservation Votes rates him 20 on a scale of 100 and points to several measures where he was particularly remiss. He was, for example, one of only seven congressmen to vote against the National Scenic Rivers Act and one of twelve to oppose the Coal Mine Safety Act of 1970. He also voted to emasculate the Federal Water Pollution Control Act last year and he supported the National Timber Supply Act, which would have opened federally protected lands to lumber companies.

Perhaps coincidentally, lumber men and contractors were among the heaviest and most frequent contributors to Scott's Senate race.

But more than his lamentable record, what distinguishes Scott from the mass of his colleagues is the extraordinary disaffection he inspires. Typical of the feeling about the new senator among those who know him is

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the view of a former Scott administrative assistant. "The man is the most morally corrupt individual I've ever known," says the ex-Scott aide, who now works in the Capitol Hill office of another Southern legislator. "There is nothing about him to admire. And I'm not talking about politics. Ideologically I agree with him. I'm talking about the sort of man he is.

"His colleagues hate him. He's irascible, uncooperative and they avoid him.

"He's the cheapest man in the world. That story about him making his secretary wash out and dry rusty paper clips is absolutely true. He would wash out and dry toilet paper if he could.

"He's very divisive with his staff. He'll turn one against the other and take advantage of people. And he chases women in the office.

"Now there's a lot of people up here that booze a lot or womanize a lot. I've got nothing against that. But this guy does it in such a perverse, devious way. And he pretends to be such a pious straight-arrow. A man like that needs a psychiatrist.

"The guy's wires are screwed up. There's just something wrong with him. I think it would be a calamity for the people of Virginia to be represented by such a person."

The former aide's sentiments are shocking but not, as it turns out, unique. There are legions of people on the Hill who have worked for Scott at some time during his six year congressional career and most of them do not look charitably upon him.

"He's very difficult," says a secretary who was with Scott for over a year. "God, when I think of some of the things he used to do! He's very demanding. He demanded things that were impossible to do.

"But it's not so much what he did as what he was. He's crazy; he's a paranoid. He didn't trust anyone who worked for him, or anyone else for that matter."

Dick Sharood, the minority counsel for the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, is one of the few ex-Scott staffers whose relations with the senator remain cordial. "I guess it's true that a lot of people don't feel personally very friendly towards him," he admits, "but what difference does that make? He's there to be a member of Congress and he feels that if his staff doesn't like the way he does things they can leave."

As it has turned out, more staff have left Scott's office than that of any other member of Congress, a total of 44 between January 1967, when he assumed office, and the end of 1971. The turnover has been so rapid that job centers on Capitol Hill will no longer refer people to Scott's office and he has had to resort to classifieds in the daily papers to find help. In addition, Scott pays his employees $1500 to $4000 more annually than most of his colleagues. "Believe me," says the former secretary, "he has to."

The Scott staff problem first received public attention in an article in *The Washingtonian* in March 1970. The article, known on the Hill as the *famous Washingtonian* article, quoted some 16 former Scott people and described the tension that they claimed the congressman created in his office.

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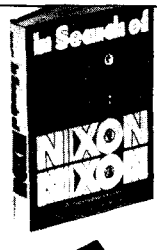

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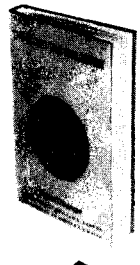

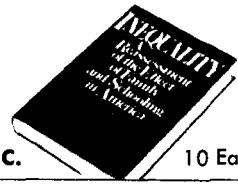

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It also stated that he is frequently uninformed on national issues, a charge often repeated since by former members of his staff.

When the article appeared, according to someone who worked for Scott at the time, everyone in the office was quaking in his boots, ready to be fired. The feeling was that the congressman would suspect his staff of having leaked to the magazine. "But he actually handled it very well," says the former employee. "He didn't want us to read the piece on our own and talk about it behind his back, so he called us into his office and read it aloud.

"The amazing thing is that he read it and he couldn't see that it was true. He thought the whole thing was a figment of the writer's imagination."

But if Scott reacted with moderation in the office, he vented his anger on the press. A newsman in his home Eighth District, whose paper ran a rewrite of *The Washingtonian* article, was accosted by the congressman shortly after its publication. "He was real surly about it. He called me a yellow journalist and worse. One thing about Scott—he can't stand criticism. His view of the press is that it's either for you or against you."

Over the years Scott has had a number of well-publicized run-ins with the representatives of the local press in northern Virginia. In 1968, for example, he had a reporter from the *Fauquier Democrat* ejected from a press conference, charging that the journalist was "not taking enough notes." The paper had recently criticized Scott for alleged misuse of his congressional franking privileges.

Scott has also tangled with constituents who have gone to see him in Washington. A strong opponent of gun-control legislation, the congressman ejected a delegation of six anti-gun residents of Reston from his office when they came to plead their cause three weeks after the assassination of Robert Kennedy. The six charged in press reports that Scott became violent and shoved them out the door.

A short time later, Elmer M. Pinckney, a Scott constituent and 13-year Army veteran, charged that the congressman, a member of the Veterans' Affairs Committee, had been abusive when he had gone to see him for help in obtaining disability benefits. "When I saw Mr. Scott in his congressional office," he reported, "he said that he didn't have time to listen to hard luck stories of veterans, that they are always looking for something for nothing. When I tried to explain, he became very angry, went to his door, opened it and said, 'Get out. There's a Veterans' Administration down the hall. Go see him.' "

But Eighth District residents harboring ill-feeling towards Scott appear to have been a distinct minority. Since emerging from Eisenhower's Justice Department—where, as a staff lawyer, he was known by associates as "Dread Scott"—he has led a charmed political life. He was elected to the House from Virginia's Eighth District in 1966 by a fluke, after veteran Democratic incumbent "Judge" Howard Smith was knocked off by a progressive in the primary and conservative Democrats threw their support to the obscure Scott, the Republican candidate. After defeating weak Democratic opponents in the Eighth in 1968 and 1970, he found himself gerrymandered out of his district last year. Knowing he would be beaten in a primary in the redrawn district, he sought the Republican Senate nomination that no one else wanted, against the popular Spong. The nomination of George McGovern and Spong's startlingly ineffective campaign proved his political salvation. To the surprise and horror of almost everyone who knows him, Representative Scott succeeded in becoming Senator Scott.

Scott's popularity with the voters is by no means reflected among his colleagues. Although the House fraternity is a tight one and virtually no congressman or staff person is willing to talk openly about a compatriot, many are willing to express strong feelings about Scott in private.

"Confidentially speaking," says the administrative aide to a congressman who served with Scott on the Post Office and Civil Service Committee, "he's a real bastard. In public he's wishy-washy but in private he's impossible to get along with. I don't think you'll find anyone who'll say a good word about Bill Scott."

Congressman Fauntroy, one of the few of Scott's former associates willing to discuss him for the record, makes no bones about his feelings. "I think the man is shallow. Some people tend to have pretensions that outrun their capabilities and Scott is definitely one of them."

An employee of the Post Office Committee says that antipathy towards Scott was so great that there are legislators who deliberately fed him misinformation to make certain he would look bad.

The most embarrassing public manifestation of ill-will towards Scott was a $100-a-plate fund-raiser thrown in December, 1971 by something called the "Friends of Bill Scott." Twelve people, including Scott, his wife, and his administrative assistant turned up in the Washington banquet hall for the affair. Simultaneously, blocks away, Republican Representative Gilbert Gude of Maryland was drawing over a hundred, including a number of his colleagues, at a similar function.

Many people around the Hill seem to think as little of Scott's record of public service as they do of his personality. Former Scott staffers say that he is simply not very interested in those issues that don't bear directly on his constituents. "He is very ignorant of both economics and foreign policy," says an ex-administrative assistant. "He just takes his cue from the Republican conservative bloc and votes the way they do. Like so many other legislators, his staff makes him look better than he is."

That is difficult to verify. What is clear is that, as a congressman, Scott produced very little in the way of legislation. He was not considered a proponent of any major bill. Rather, he attracted notice as an opponent of particular individuals or courses of action. He attached his name to every piece of anti-busing legislation to appear before the House. He was a leader in the fights against liberal Supreme Court Justices Abe Fortas and William O. Douglas. He opposed Nixon's welfare reform package, terming the proposals "socialistic."

It is safe to predict that, as a senator, Scott will act in very much the same way he always has, but with a higher level of visibility. It need not have been so. As one Northern Virginia reporter who has known Scott for years puts it, "To know him is to detest him. The trouble is that very few voters ever get to know him." ■

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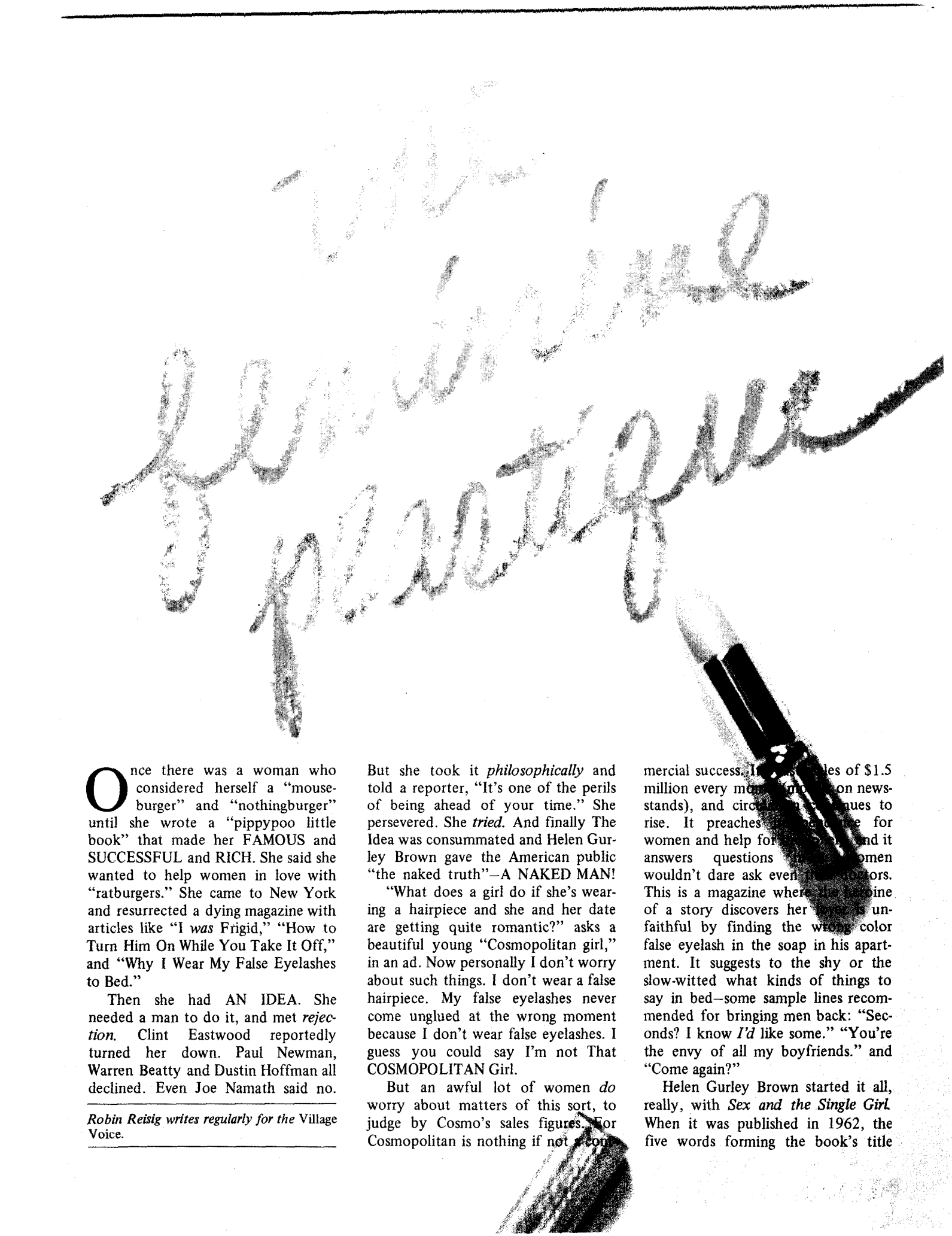
The Original Prototype



Once there was a woman who considered herself a "mouseburger" and "nothingburger" until she wrote a "pippypoo little book" that made her FAMOUS and SUCCESSFUL and RICH. She said she wanted to help women in love with "ratburgers." She came to New York and resurrected a dying magazine with articles like "I *was* Frigid," "How to Turn Him On While You Take It Off," and "Why I Wear My False Eyelashes to Bed."

Then she had AN IDEA. She needed a man to do it, and met *rejection.* Clint Eastwood reportedly turned her down. Paul Newman, Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman all declined. Even Joe Namath said no. But she took it *philosophically* and told a reporter, "It's one of the perils of being ahead of your time." She persevered. She *tried.* And finally The Idea was consummated and Helen Gurley Brown gave the American public "the naked truth"—A NAKED MAN!

"What does a girl do if she's wearing a hairpiece and she and her date are getting quite romantic?" asks a beautiful young "Cosmopolitan girl," in an ad. Now personally I don't worry about such things. I don't wear a false hairpiece. My false eyelashes never come unglued at the wrong moment because I don't wear false eyelashes. I guess you could say I'm not That COSMOPOLITAN Girl.

But an awful lot of women *do* worry about matters of this sort, to judge by Cosmo's sales figures. For Cosmopolitan is nothing if not a com-

mercial success. It [illegible]les of $1.5 million every mo[illegible]on newsstands), and circul[illegible]nues to rise. It preaches [illegible]e for women and help for [illegible]nd it answers questions [illegible]omen wouldn't dare ask even [illegible]octors. This is a magazine where the heroine of a story discovers her [illegible] is unfaithful by finding the wrong color false eyelash in the soap in his apartment. It suggests to the shy or the slow-witted what kinds of things to say in bed—some sample lines recommended for bringing men back: "Seconds? I know *I'd* like some." "You're the envy of all my boyfriends." and "Come again?"

Helen Gurley Brown started it all, really, with *Sex and the Single Girl.* When it was published in 1962, the five words forming the book's title

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Robin Reisig writes regularly for the Village Voice.

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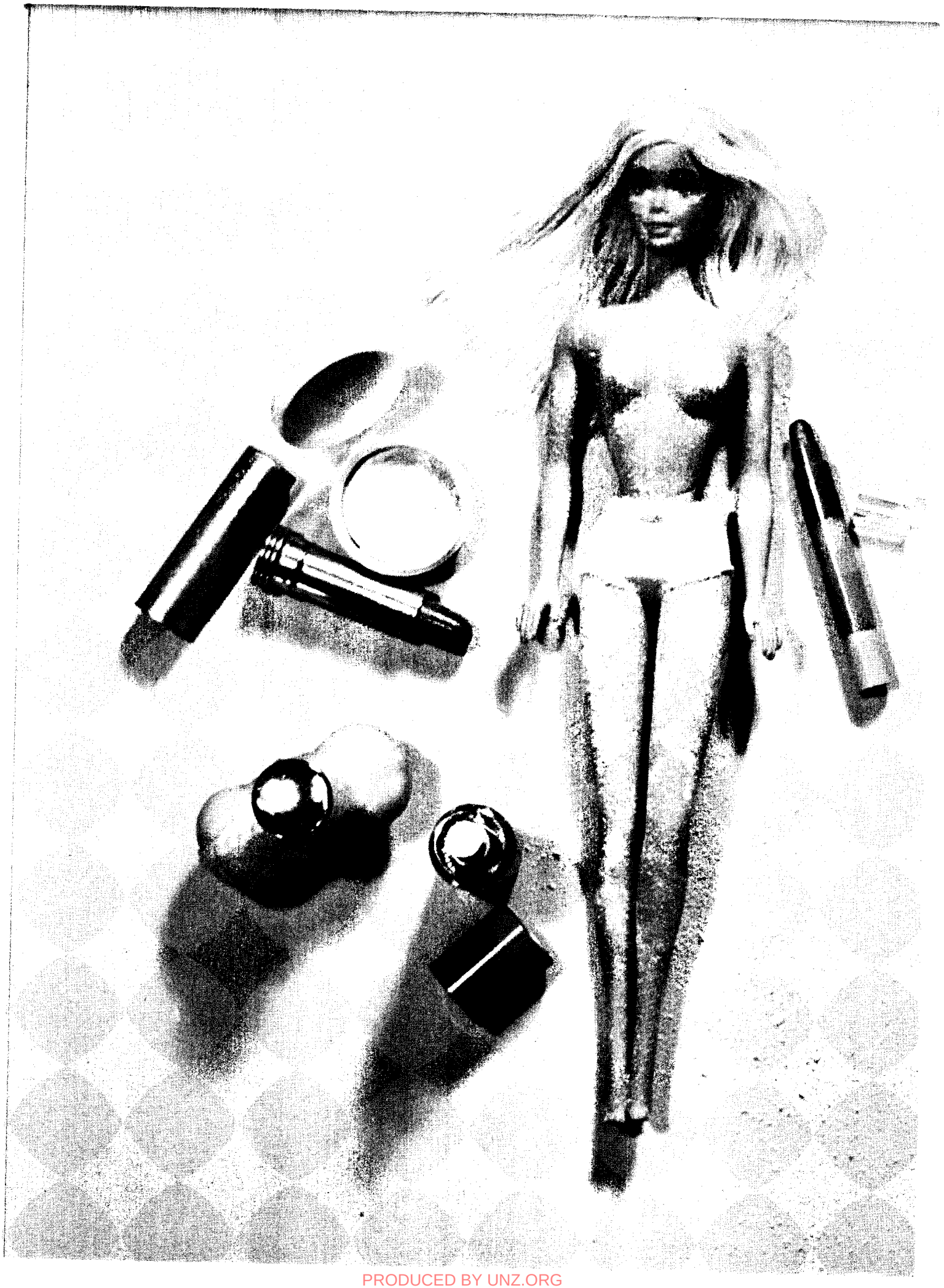

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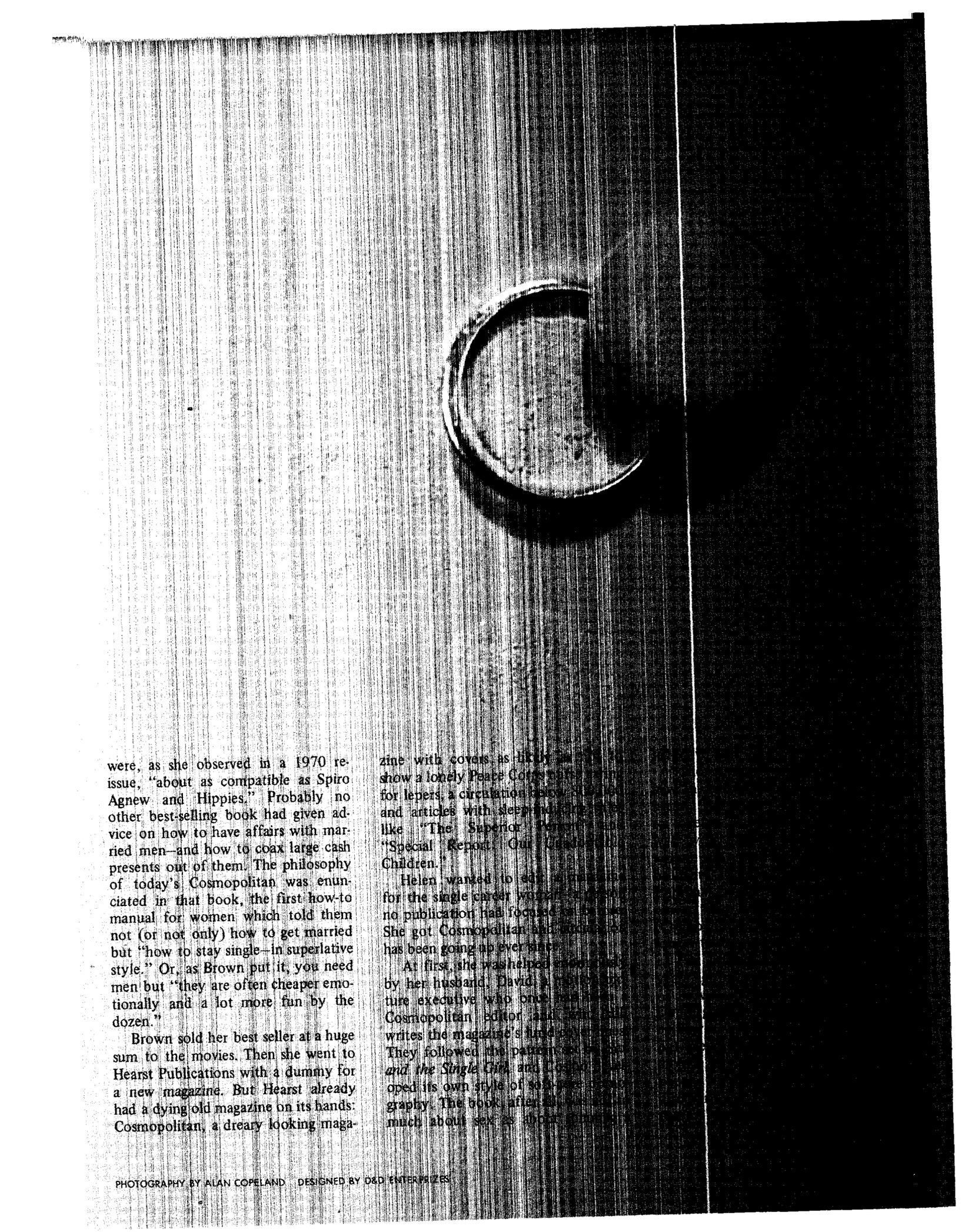

were, as she observed in a 1970 reissue, "about as compatible as Spiro Agnew and Hippies." Probably no other best-selling book had given advice on how to have affairs with married men—and how to coax large cash presents out of them. The philosophy of today's Cosmopolitan was enunciated in that book, the first how-to manual for women which told them not (or not only) how to get married but "how to stay single—in superlative style." Or, as Brown put it, you need men but "they are often cheaper emotionally and a lot more fun by the dozen."

Brown sold her best seller at a huge sum to the movies. Then she went to Hearst Publications with a dummy for a new magazine. But Hearst already had a dying old magazine on its hands: Cosmopolitan, a dreary looking magazine with covers as likely [illegible] show a lonely Peace Corps [illegible] for lepers, a circulation [illegible] and articles with sleep [illegible] like "The Superior [illegible] "Special Report: Our [illegible] Children."

Helen wanted to [illegible] for the single career [illegible] no publication had [illegible] She got Cosmopolitan [illegible] has been going up ever since.

At first, she was helped [illegible] by her husband, David [illegible] ture executive who once [illegible] Cosmopolitan editor [illegible] writes the magazine's [illegible] They followed the pattern [illegible] *and the Single Girl*, and [illegible] oped its own style of [illegible] graphy. The book after [illegible] much about sex as about [illegible]

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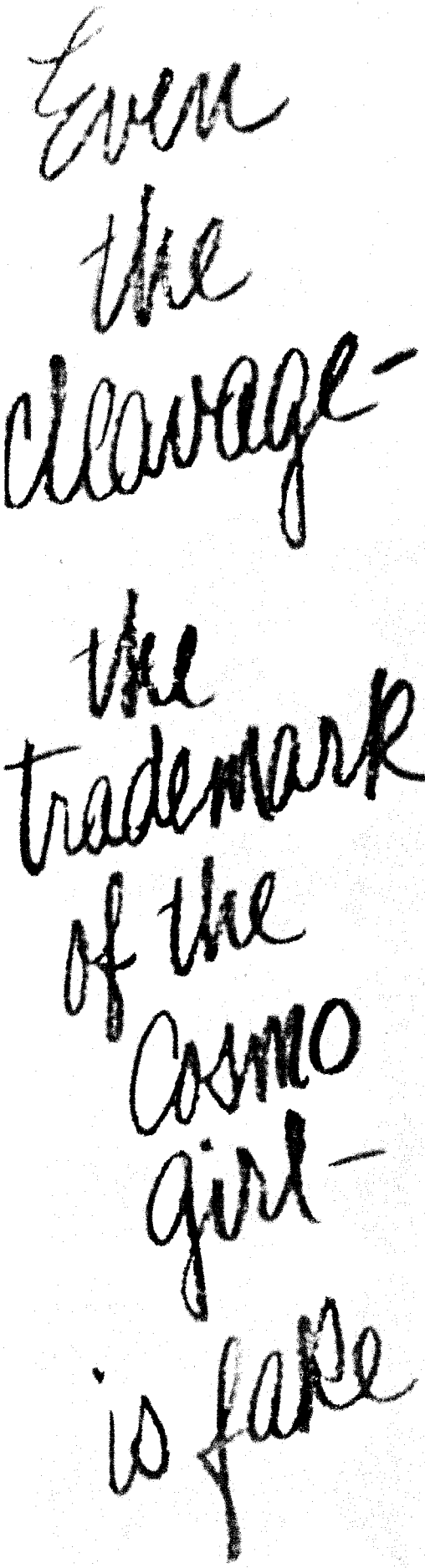

got to make yourself more cupcakable all the time so that you're a better cupcake to be gobbled up." And, "If you're a little mouseburger, come with me. I was a mouseburger and I will help you. . . . [Cosmopolitan] is, in its way, an inspirational magazine."

Cosmo has carved out a unique niche for itself. Nobody else will advise, as does Cosmo's "Love Guide," to put a "jewel in your navel (use spirit gum)." Nobody else will advise you to keep an affair going long-distance by mailing him "your pucci-print bra to tuck under his pillow." Nobody else will give you helpful advice on How To Marry A Rich Man, such as "If you wish to marry a billionaire, you must often settle for an old man." Nobody else will put out an "etiquette handbook," as Cosmo did a year and a half ago, with a chapter on "A Philosophy of Considerate Adultery." How can one be a considerate adulterer? "If asked, lie. If caught, lie."

The core of such fakery is cheerfully admitted. Even that hard-faced Cosmo cover girl's cleavage—that is almost the trademark of the magazine—is fake. How do you fake a cleavage? Using a roll of Johnson & Johnson's one-inch white masking tape to tape the breasts together, Cosmo tells us. A "behind the scenes" article described a session photographing the cover girl, during which the model's breasts were reshuffled with tape, then made shiny with Vaseline. Honest.

Cosmopolitan is one of the most heavily edited magazines in any field; a very directive style—Helen Gurley Brown's—governs most articles. Cosmo's Editing (and Writing) Rules, which are distributed to freelance writers who contribute to the magazine, offer some interesting insights about what the magazine wants. Just as some articles advise readers how to fake and manipulate, the rules include advice about how to improve quotes, and how to make up "case histories" (read facts). "If 'case histories' are made up out of the writer's head or are a composite of several real people, bear in mind that the reader can easily spot a phoney," said one edition of the rules, which asked for "more realistic" case histories.

Some other tips: "Try to locate some of the buildings, restaurants, nightclubs, parks, streets, as well as entire case histories, in cities other than New York, even if you deliberately have to 'plant' them elsewhere. Most writers live in New York: 92 percent of our readers do *not.*"

"Remind the reader every so often what the subject *is.*"

"Keep so-called dirty words to a minimum. . . . Use 'made love' or 'had intercourse'—not 'balled,' 'screwed,' 'fucked,' 'laid,' etc. Use 'reached orgasm' or 'climaxed'—not 'came.' "

"Don't be relentlessly depressing," it advises in the face of all subjects. "If subject matter of an article is downbeat per se (as in 'Women in Prison'), search out the positive efforts being made to improve the situation."

"Avoid *attacking* advertisers (cosmetics, liquor, bra and girdle, etc.) and, where convenient, mention advertised brands rather than the non-advertised competition."

One writer complained of "the copy editors putting words in people's mouths they never uttered. They also put one woman [who was quoted in the story] in black leather pants and made her seem like a sadomasochism freak," she said.

"They cutesy up everything with that italicized style," complained another Cosmo writer, who charged men got more serious assignments and men's copy was edited differently. "They don't pepper it with exclamation points. That's the feminine Gurley Brown thing."

"When I first went to Cosmopolitan, the attitude was that you should write down to the readers, to their level," said Stephanie Harrington, who wrote book reviews for Cosmopolitan until Jacqueline Susann's *The Love Machine* came out. "I got a note from Helen when *The Love Machine* was about to come out saying Jackie was one of her two or three best friends in the whole world and she would find it difficult to have her friend's book put down in the magazine," said Harrington. "She didn't just imply, she *stated"* that she wanted a good review.

"I wrote her. I told her it was unethical to tell me how to review a book. And I quit. She wrote back a note saying she didn't understand

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what was wrong with the ethics, and how could I say what she was doing was wrong. She said of course a magazine reflects its editor, and the editor's opinions and tastes. She seemed to think I was being rude. She didn't understand, and I didn't understand how she could not understand."

On the other hand, Liz Smith, Cosmopolitan's film critic and a contributing editor, adores Helen Gurley Brown, even though she has not found it easy being Cosmo's film critic. She showed me a few letters from Helen which she felt were important because they specifically and accurately reflected her journalistic point of view.

No picture "has to be reviewed good if it ISN'T," said one letter. "All you have to do is skip the review entirely." It continued, "Our desire is not to be a smart-allecky, intellectual movie reviewer . . . but simply a girl's best friend telling her what she will ENJOY. . . . I don't even like putdowns like ROSEMARY'S BABY—'it would have been better to see the film version without having read the book.' That to me is a putdown and why start OUT that way. . . . If we have to say something unkind, do it later. Now, young lady, is it finally clear? . . . NO BAD REVIEWS . . . ah liz . . . you are going to drive me to early catatonia. If I'm not already in it! Love, Helen."

The Cosmopolitan office, the fourth floor of a Hearst building in midtown Manhattan, is a very cheerful, unpretentious looking place with pretty flowered curtains and bright colors. The women I spoke with there were pleasant, even sweet looking. They wore little or no make-up and straight, simple hairdos that didn't look deliberately sexy and tousled—or deliberately anything. They wore pretty, but informal, sweaters and skirts. Some wore blue jeans. They didn't exactly look like "That COSMOPOLITAN Girl." In fact (to use one of Brown's expressions), there wasn't a single exposed cleavage cleaving the entire length of the floor. They seemed very decent, open people. What are these women doing at Cosmopolitan?

The answer is simple: they like working there. The little kindnesses and attentions which Helen once recommended for popularity in *Sex and the Single Girl* are practiced in the office. Women receive flowers or presents on arrival, birthdays mean parties, editors get together to plot a freebie junket abroad for a girl depressed over a lousy love affair. This is a place where secretaries are sometimes promoted (Helen was once a secretary herself) and everybody is dealt with on a personal level.

"We all think we're her favorite," said Roberta Ashley, the articles editor. Barbara Creaturo, a Cosmo features text editor who once worked at the *New Yorker* for six months, praised the friendly unsnobbish atmosphere. "There are very few power games going on here. At the *New Yorker* my boss referred to me as 'his girl'—'I'm sending *my girl* up.' His girl! Here everybody has an identity. It's 'Sharon,' not 'my girl.' "

A number of women showed me what they called "love notes from Helen." A hand-drawn heart contains a note praising an item for Helen's column: "You are a better writer than *i* am." "You absolutely knock me out!" says another note. "You are the absolute joy of my life."

Still, it is Helen who runs the magazine with a firm hand. Every Tuesday afternoon she gathers the Cosmopolitan editors together to discuss ideas. "Our idea meetings reflect everybody's biography that week. We go around in a circle and each says her ideas," said Creaturo. "We talk a lot about anxiety at the meetings." Then Helen takes home the ideas and broods over them for days. She makes all the decisions, just as she oversees all the copy. "She wants everybody who writes for this magazine to *solve her problems,* I'm convinced," said one regular Cosmopolitan writer.

Improbable and condescending as this may sound, Helen bears it out. In reply to a tactfully phrased question about how she decides which articles would be most helpful to readers, she said, "We have a column by the psychoanalyst Fromm. We submitted many of our personal problems to him. He answered around 30 of mine. Now he's working his way through other people's."

"We are all in this together," Roberta Ashley, the articles editor, stressed in describing the magazine's approach. "It's not the *writer* telling the girl what to do if she got pregnant. *They* got pregnant. *The writer* got pregnant. *I* got pregnant. *The editor* got pregnant." Thus a story on frigidity was done by a girl who used to be frigid (under a pseudonym: "She's got a nice Jewish mother in Brooklyn"). The title? "I *Was* Frigid."

On the other hand, no enterprising reporter got VD to write, "Who, Me? VD?" A Cosmopolitan editor got the idea at a dinner party. "I assigned it to a writer who did questions and answers with a doctor. It was hard to read," said Ashley. "So we decided it might be better as a third person article. She rewrote it that way. But it had a sense of being out there—not that Cosmo girl. So we decided to do it as a first person article, to find a girl who had it. But the details of the girl's story weren't right. She was an East Village girl who didn't know who gave it to her. It was a little tacky. We wanted a more middle-class kind of girl so it could happen to our reader." So Cosmopolitan changed the case history aspects. The story took at least a year to do. Then it ran and . . .

"I got a call from an editor at a very big publishing house. She said it was her story, and her lover had told the story to the writer, and what a mean thing that man did to her by revealing the details of the relationship. She was sobbing" (sob, sob) "on the phone. It was very sad, and *I couldn't convince her this was fiction."* "I was unhappy about the girl," Ashley said, "but we really had done a realistic story."

The article, it must be added, gave useful information about detecting venereal disease that the Cosmopolitan reader will very possibly need if she follows the advice found in the rest of the magazine.

Often, articles get started with a memo from Helen. The most famous, or infamous, of these was the "breast memo" Helen wrote several years ago and passed onto the staff. Someone then passed it onto *Women's Wear Daily* and Hearst's management read all about it and hit the roof, squelching the article, at least for the time being. "We are doing an article on how men should treat women's breasts in lovemaking. It will either help us sell

(Continued on page 53)

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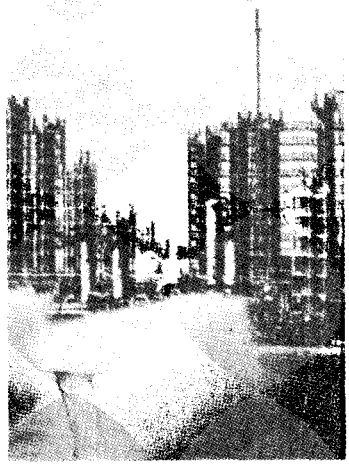
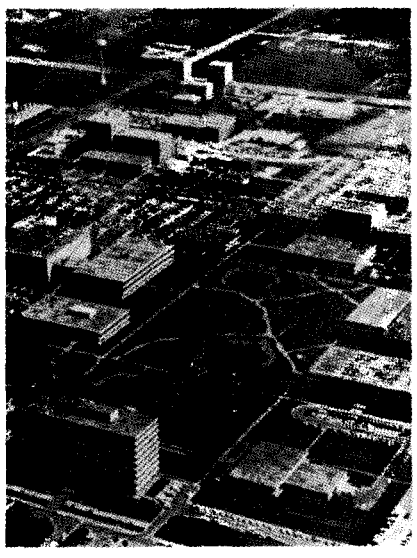
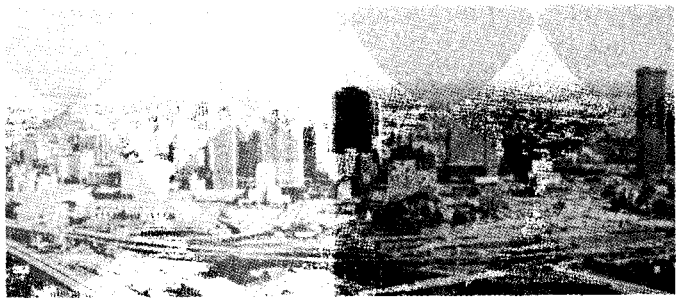
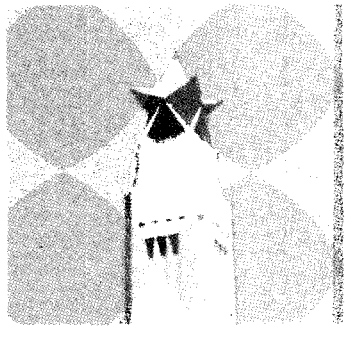


TT'S Geneen







How to Succeed in Business by Really Trying

One day a few years ago a large group of men assembled in an over-sized corporate board room in New York, a room in itself so imposing that it reminded one of the executives present in a famous scene in a James Bond film. In that cinematic board meeting, an international arch criminal, after hearing a depressing report of a conspiratorial power play that failed, pressed one of the black buttons arrayed before him, and the luckless operative held responsible for the failure dropped, seated in a massive leather swivel chair, through the floor and into the oblivion of death—an execution intended to impress survivors, all seated in identical leather chairs equally vulnerable to that row of buttons, with the fate awaiting them if by chance or incompetence their missions were not carried out.

In the conglomerate headquarters of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, the president and chief executive, Harold S. Geneen, was exhorting his operatives from many countries to search for companies that ITT might buy or with which it could merge. A profile of the ideal company Geneen sought began to take shape. Such a company ought to be engaged in a manufacturing or service operation for which there was a proven demand. It ought to have a good cash flow, be well managed, have excellent resources and assets, and show promise of sustained growth. If such an organization could, upon acquisition, bring recognized prestige to ITT and widen the range of its operations, so much the better.

"Let's buy the Roman Catholic Church," someone suggested. "It meets all the requirements."

For a moment, before laughter exploded through the gold and blue room, it seemed to some of those assembled that Geneen, his strong and stocky frame rigid in his James Bond director's chair, thought it was a good idea. Then, of course, he smiled a wan smile in recognition of the frivolity, and went on with the interminable meeting.

He has also gone on with his program of acquisitions and

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by William Rodgers

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mergers with such singlemindedness of purpose and success that ITT's reputation has become somewhat tarnished for accomplishing too much of a good thing. The granddaddy of conglomerates—after pulling off the greatest merger of them all in taking over the famed Hartford Fire Insurance Company and getting itself involved in an ignominious scandal—suffered truly from an embarassment of riches. In the process, Geneen himself has lost some of his luster, if not his ambition, by giving capitalism something of a bad name and the antitrust division of the Department of Justice a monumental drubbing which, it must be conceded, it invited.

Despite some passing vicissitudes, Harold Sydney Geneen remains, two years short of mandatory retirement, a nearly totalitarian chairman and chief executive of the ITT empire.

At 63, the highest paid corporate luminary in the United States is an accountant with a narrow but deeply specialized education, the constitution of a concrete block, the dedication of a hangman paid by piece-work, and driven by a motivational force that must have been genetic in Alexander the Great, Napoleon, General George Patton, Sammy Glick, and is not noticeably absent in Richard Nixon.

In twelve years under Geneen's command, ITT was catapulted from a corporation worth $680 million in annual revenues, to a multinational conglomerate that would probably approach $8.5 billion in 1972. It had become an acquisition machine which over many years gobbled up 700 to 800 enterprises in 80 countries. It employs nearly 400,000 people, more than half of them abroad. Its power is so prodigious that sovereign nations, including the government of the United States and Richard Nixon, often will not or cannot prevail against it. The acquisition by ITT of Hartford, with assets of $1.5 billion, took place in 1971 in contradiction to—and, some argued, in clear violation of—the laws of Connecticut and the clearly defined policy of the U.S. Department of Justice. Former Attorney General John Mitchell and his successor, Richard Kleindienst, along with a gaggle of President Nixon's White House aides, expedited an antitrust consent decree that legitimized the Hartford takeover, according to an abundance of evidence that has since emerged to illuminate their then-secret and politically self-serving involvement.

The odor of coincidence, collusion, and corruption that subsequently enveloped the Nixon election campaign organization, the Justice Department, and ITT itself in the wake of the Hartford acquisition, invaded the environment which Geneen ruled. Where formerly his preeminence among executive managers under capitalism was unchallenged, he had become a free enterprise equivalent of Bull Connor, the half-forgotten hyper-aggressive civil rights foe of the 1960s. He had become a corporate militant of such zealous pursuit, so successful in deflecting antitrust litigation into a form of Justice Department permissiveness in his own favor, that he seemed to infect corporate power with a kind of socially unattractive connotation better served by prevention than treatment.

Yet on performance, as measured by generally accepted auditing principles, the ITT record is unparalleled. For 54 consecutive quarters, thirteen and a half years since he got started at ITT, he has reported substantial gains in revenues, assets, profits, and earnings per share. Geneen sees the process as continuous despite certain restrictive covenants he had to accept as the price for avoiding possibly punitive litigation. His vision of the future is unrelieved success.

Since neither life nor free enterprise, if the latter is competitive, develops in conformance with steady gains measured in pre-ordained ways, the bewildered have wondered how Geneen has been able to administer a hydra-headed giant sprawled all over the world with such regulated expansion that the performance charts can be prepared before the performance occurs. What is the magic of his skill?

Whatever it is, it was not thrust upon him; he grew into it, adapting his own elemental force to a management system forged in the development of international markets, by capital requirements, at a time when there was a breakaway from the one-industry concept in steel, oil, autos, shipping, agriculture, and the like.

He went to ITT when 80 percent of its revenue was produced abroad even though all of its stockholders were Americans. It was a telephone and radio communications business primarily, but already a conglomerate that had digested hundreds of small companies on five continents. In the United States, sanctified monopoly left the Bell System and AT&T, with its wholly-owned Western Electric Company, in almost complete possession of the business ITT dominated in other countries. Geneen was brought into ITT with a mandate to acquire new companies and expand its domestic revenues. Considering the fact that the company in the U.S. was locked out of its own field, Geneen faced an awesome task.

He had, however, uniquely educated himself to meet the requirements. In fact he had a mania for acquisition. The compulsion carried him and his conglomerate far beyond the goals of his board of directors at ITT but, with the board itself in time captive to Geneen, there was no stopping him once he had mastered the techniques of this kind of growth. His passion was also fueled by Wall Street money and policy, which was forever goading corporations to regularize their growth as a *sine qua non* to attracting securities traders. Two investment houses represented on the board, especially Lazard Freres (the other was Kuhn, Loeb), exerted pressure in support of the conglomerate style of expansion. Lazard Freres was paid commissions in excess of $6.5 million by ITT in a period of six years. And ITT's auditing firm, Arthur Anderson & Co., continued to grow without promotion or development expenses simply because Geneen continually brought new customers into the house through purchase forays. Thus the encouragement and pressures for expansion, coupled with Geneen's own disposition to assemble under his personal direction the largest collective on earth, were relentless. Long trained in the arcane non-science of accounting, Geneen all but perfected the techniques of going into unrelated businesses for the sole purpose of growth.

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The whole merger movement had found expression in the agglomeration of companies into Gulf & Western, Norton Simon, Litton Industries, Ogden, Textron, Ling-Temco-Vought, Northwest, and dozens of others. In the 1960s, conglomerates were, it seemed, running amok, and scarcely any company or its management was secure against predatory onslaughts. A good many companies, of course, sought salvation by merger when, unable to support capital debt for expansion, they preferred to be taken over. For many it was grow or stagnate, and stagnation in an expanding industrial world meant death. Geneen added to the dimension and the literature of the conglomerate craze the imprint of his kinetic energy and ruthless command over what he called "multilayered management." Others have described it with phrases such as "management by assault," or "management to excess."

Whatever the catchwords, they meant 19-hour days of effort, year after year, with infrequent respite, for Geneen and, as often as not, for a key couple of hundred men in orbit around him. The feeling persists among them that if he could he would prefer to manage the whole worldwide conglomerate all by himself. With the aid of Geneen's own unrelenting drive and energy, which he somehow sustains for interminable periods on little sleep and a diet of sandwiches and hamburgers, Geneen's management system allows the lowest level of trivial decisions to be made at the highest level of management hierarchy of any corporate operation in the world.

"I relegate, but I don't abdicate," says Geneen.

If there is any magic to the Geneen management system it is his mastery over detail, his consummate knowledge of the precincts and provinces of his intercontinental domain. The multilayered organization functions first of all to channel an oceanic flow of data upward to Geneen. This endless cascade of documentation and memoranda reaches, he feels, sufficiently deep to catch catastrophe at the point of creation. Two thousand managers are required to produce reports weekly, sometimes daily, on everything from minutiae to matters of magnitude, sometimes involving espionage and opposition to governments.

Then there are the meetings. They are in process—stratified according to salary bracket, subject, projects, divisional breakdown, and so on—all of the time. Monthly sessions at the highest echelon last for four days at European headquarters in Brussels or in the parent center at 320 Park Avenue in New York. They begin at 8 a.m. and continue with toilet and telephone breaks until Geneen or his surrogate says they are over, which may be midnight. Meals are haphazard, of the cafeteria or short-order variety, consumed in haste.

Geneen himself thrives on conditions that stretch the nerves and capabilities of men beyond endurance. He is so extraordinarily motivated, with his energy refreshed several times a day, that he is thought to be powered by a mystical self-generating fuel—a kind of living breeder reactor producing surplus energy in the process of its consumption. Above all else, he possesses a remarkable total recall, computer-like memory. He can summon forth on demand, it seems, anything he has read in the reams of memos he sees each month or that he has heard in meetings that leave subordinates half paralytic from immobility, their senses numbed to catatonia.

It is at such times that Geneen, his chill brown eyes sweeping from window to wall like a pair of unobtrusive maids cleaning up the room, stuns his somnolent subordinates with a pyrotechnic outbreak of stored data. He can suddenly cite without reference to notes the latest inventory projections, unit costs, quarterly income, or budget overrun of some obscure operation whose obliteration couldn't cost ITT stockholders a penny a share.

Yet he has been known to suffer inexplicable lapses of both recall and his sledgehammer candor, notably when testifying at congressional hearings looking into improprieties in connection with efforts to buy the American Broadcasting Company or perhaps offering to underwrite a GOP convention at a time when his company was trying to negotiate an antitrust settlement. In all fairness, it has to be remembered that John Mitchell and Richard Kleindienst, among other high government personages, were not one whit better at remembering things under stress. But they had not, of course, acquired quite the reputation for recall enjoyed by Geneen most of the time. In their position, forgetfulness is sometimes the last fortified position to which one can retreat short of confessing perjury.

What Geneen also forgets is that some people lack his stamina. He once kept Joseph Flom, a partner in one of many law firms at work for ITT, on the go between New York and Hartford, conferring around the clock with him in the company plane, over hamburgers in both cities and in between. Flom finally staggered from exhaustion and was sent to his New York apartment in a company limousine. He was deep in sleep when, close to daybreak, Geneen telephoned him just to straighten out some point they had reviewed earlier.

For those with ambition, the capacity to absorb abuse, to stand mute before withering insult; for those with ability to learn under stress; for those who could suppress their suspicion that participation in such a life was an exercise in madness (and there were many), the financial rewards of working with Geneen were great. Any good executive who could stay with ITT until retirement could easily be worth $2 million in stock.

But woe betide the man who might seem to be working his way into the lineup to succeed Geneen. Anyone who had been whispered about as possible presidential timber could be pretty sure of getting pressured out of the company or, more recently, promoted to a job distinguished for its absence of authority. This policy of promoting the overly ambitious to limbo evolved after ITT became notorious for firing large numbers of managers each year. Geneen denied that there were more dismissals of executives at ITT than at any other big company, and even issued a report one time to substantiate the claim, but it lacked conviction. He did stop firing quite so many

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"Geneen is driven by a motivational force that must have been genetic in Alexander the Great, Napoleon, General George Patton, Sammy Glick and not notably absent in Richard Nixon."

people and, instead, locked them in at high salaries. They are known as wearers of the "golden handcuffs."

There are 14 men presently drawing up to $250,000 each in bonuses and salary, all with vice-presidential titles, who have been eliminated from the possibility of succeeding Geneen. One of them, who received a quarter of a million dollars in 1971, is said to have such minimal duties that only a single subordinate reports to him. Formerly head of South American operations, and privy to knowledge about ITT's heavy-handed relationships with come-and-go governments, the executive developed a drinking problem. The company put a tail on him and had him closely monitored. Not only were the handcuffs golden but so was his silence, especially when drunk.

This year, Francis J. Dunleavey, one of three executive vice presidents staffing the Management Policy Committee and theoretically capable of succeeding Geneen, was made president of ITT. The other two are Richard E. Bennett and James V. Lester. But, contrary to press accounts that Dunleavey or any of the triumvirate might succeed to the position of chairman and chief executive, none of them will. Geneen wouldn't give the keys to the wine cellar to any of them. They are where they are, richly paid and in no position to build a power base. There just isn't any way of doing it that Geneen would tolerate.

There probably does not exist in any real sense a methodology for training an executive in the Geneen image anyway; no way of transmuting his inner fire, his stupendous motivation, his absolutely undeviating, if narrow, sense of purpose, which is fixed like a laser beam on turning out figures every 91 days to document an inexorable record of progress, growth, and profit. Not many people in the world are capable of dedicating and disciplining themselves to such ends, a fact which suggests that if and when Geneen must give way to a successor, the character of ITT—whatever one may think of it—must change in some measure proportionate to his departure. But no one is optimistic that the mandatory retirement age of 65 will be applied in his case. He has changed everything else around ITT during his tenure there and he is expected to change that, too. As John J. Graham, an ITT alumnus who left to become vice president of General Dynamics, has said: "You can't kill a big company. If Geneen died tomorrow, that company would go right on . . . Specifically, what will happen behind Geneen is that someone will formalize the place and it will be a much more conventional operation than it is today."

Graham himself was recruited by Geneen and William Marx, former Number 2 man at ITT and now executive vice president of Celanese. Marx said Geneen gambled on young men of driving ambition, men cut in his own mold and willing to subordinate every aspect of life to the opportunities opened up at ITT. But he gambled on such men only to a limited extent. Any time Geneen suspected or detected evidence of some failure to deliver a prearranged or budgeted portion of growth, he might call off the bet. What followed was a symbolic equivalent of execution. Geneen

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"Geneen wants to run the biggest operation on earth."

would notify John Hanway, the ITT personnel boss, whose function was to devise the means and style of the unfortunate man's disposal.

Hal Geneen himself doesn't fire people. He will send them off to holding pens, deprived of their duties and interoffice telephones, until he is ready to let them go, at which point Hanway or some group executive dispatches them with finality. Geneen, who is said to follow a daily regimen of Canadian Air Force exercises, is doubtless capable of dealing with an irate castoff, but he deplores a scene, unless he himself makes it.

John C. Lobb, who became president of Crucible Steel Company after his ejection from ITT—it was rumored he coveted the presidency—has said: "My operations always made more money than they were budgeted to make. Under those circumstances Geneen isn't hard to get along with."

Marc de Ferranti, one of the General Electric executives caught in a price fixing scandal ten years ago, was hired to run an operation in Brussels. Geneen flew into town before the man could get the telephone connected in his new house, and couldn't reach him. When he caught up with him, he went into one of his familiar screaming sessions, with de Ferranti trying to calm him down. Back in New York, Geneen ordered Marx to fire him. The de Ferranti family never quite moved into their Brussels house before they all had to pack up and go back to the United States. In due course, de Ferranti landed a job with a New Jersey electronics firm.

Forbes magazine once referred to ITT as Geneen U, from which "graduates" of Hal's hazardous school emerged to populate the management levels of industry. Many of those who did not break down profited hugely under Geneen's tutelage. After recovering from his rage at what he interpreted as a *Forbes* slur, Geneen was pleased with the idea that ITT castoffs were successful in other companies. He also likes to reflect on the talent and wealth he discovered and created. He once had his office compute the number of millionaires he developed and it came out to 134. This was in 1964, when it was also estimated that under Geneen's supervision between 600 and 700 men had acquired a net worth of $400,000. Presumably the numbers have since expanded like everything else at ITT.

Harry Beggs, who had been a management consultant of modest means, reported that working for Geneen had broken his record of success and had "taken something out of me." When Geneen, who had hired him, ordered Beggs to Death Row, the holding pen for deposed but undismissed executives on the 12th floor at 320 Park Avenue, Beggs tried for a year to get in to see him. He reported for duty each day with absolutely nothing to do. Death Row is one floor above the ITT clinic so that sufferers of the Geneen treatment remain close to medical help when, as periodically occurs, they need it. While the lethargic drama ran its course, Beggs learned that his successor had been chosen but that he, too, had been replaced. One day Beggs didn't show up. He never got to see Geneen. He was not heard of again around ITT.

It has generally been easy enough to get fired at ITT but sometimes difficult to quit. Unless a discarded executive has a private income, he doesn't simply walk out. At this level, almost any top job he can get must be arranged through an executive recruitment organization. Geneen, in his search for managers, is reported to have the most important recruitment agencies under contract so that if any ITT man makes an overture to one of them, he can find out who the dissatisfied jobseeker is. Most men feel that it is more prudent to wait matters out on Death Row. Martyrs in industry are uncommon.

Geneen, meanwhile, has gone on collecting companies, about 170 of them by 1972, an average of more than one a month for 13 years. Notwithstanding some highly odious practices imputed to Geneen in his attempt to take over American Broadcasting Company a few years ago, a charge before the United Nations by the President of Chile that ITT tried to prevent him from taking office, and an ugly embroilment with President Nixon's re-election organization over antitrust fixing and election financing, Geneen exudes the same cold, flinty confidence that things will go on successfully and indefinitely. He expects to be making a million dollars a year soon, and in fact has publicly stated that on his performance record alone he ought to be paid five million a year.

With vast resources to draw upon, he expects continued growth from acquisitions although at a curtailed rate, due to court imposed limits. It is these resources—in a word,

(Continued on page 55)

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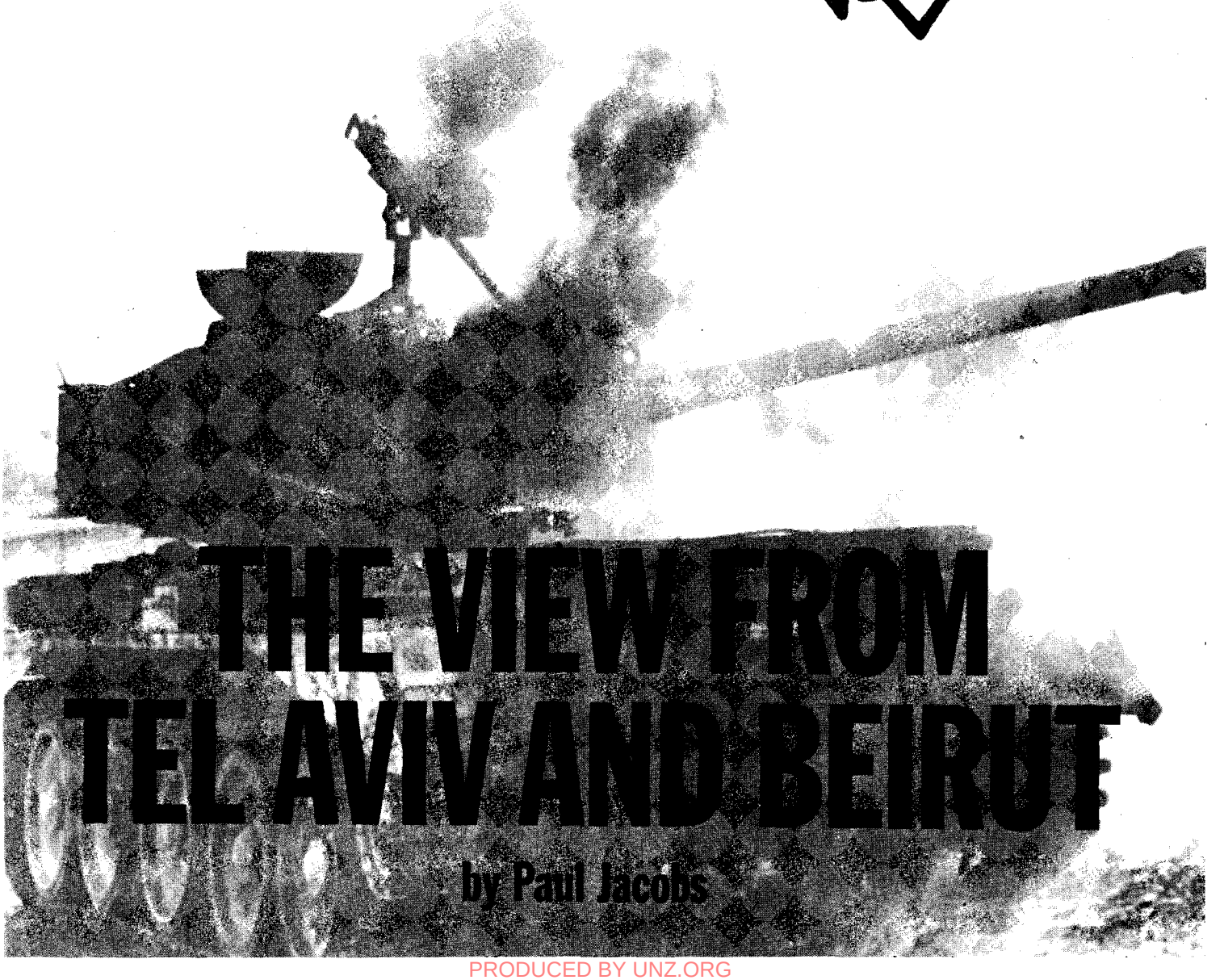
SPECIAL REPORT FROM THE MIDDLE EAST



THE VIEW FROM TEL AVIV AND BEIRUT

by Paul Jacobs

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"They are planning something," the young, well-dressed Palestinian Arab said to me, in a low voice, as we sat talking and drinking coffee at a table in an outside cafe in Beirut. I had met him first a few years ago when he was a full time official of Fetah, the largest of the Palestinian Arab resistance groups. Now, in the summer of 1972, he was back working, full time, at his job as an engineer. "I don't know what it is they're going to do," he continued, "but I hear it's something very big."

"They" were the Black September group and the "something" they were planning turned out to be the Munich kidnapping which ended, after agonizing days, as the Munich murders. That morning, sitting in the brilliant but not yet hot Beirut sunshine, Munich did not exist in my consciousness. Yet, in retrospect, the Olympic Games at Munich was the most obvious occasion for the Black September to do "something": world-wide TV and radio coverage of the act was guaranteed in advance.

Serious political consequences flow from the fact that the current state of media technology gives the entire world instant and direct contact with events while they are actually happening. The knowledge that the politics of the deed can be acted out with millions of people being able to watch the deed as it takes place affects, in the sharpest way, the choice of what is to be done. Skyjacking an airplane is obviously going to bring out more TV cameras and radio microphones than a press conference announcing a boycott of the airline; kidnapping a group of athletes from under the noses of security guards and police is certain to bring about instant publicity, while an announcement that the group is trying to organize a group of people in a refugee camp is likely to bring a bored yawn from the media.

The media deed is now a fact and the character of political activity has been changed, in a fundamental way, by that fact. We can actually see a President assassinated and then hear the death grunt of his alleged killer being killed. Our eyes focus on a window, trying to imagine what can be going through the minds of the kidnapped athletes who are tied up inside the room behind the window. And, occasionally, we catch flickering, momentary glimpses of shrouded, sexless figures peering out at us from behind a terrace wall.

At Munich, the media deed began with kidnapping and ended with death. Surely, when the young Palestinian men and women sat together discussing what they were going to do, their plans grew from their sense of political commitment, but the character of the deed took on a life of its own, one devoid of political content. Once, a few years ago, I talked at length about the assassination of Lord Moyne with Nathan Yalin-Mor, one of the chief organizers of the Stern Group which had carried out the operation. He explained, in terms of political strategy, why the group had felt it was necessary to murder Moyne, pointing out that the two young Jewish terrorists had been caught and later executed only because they had

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Paul Jacobs is an associate of the Institute for Policy Studies. This report was prepared for IPS and its affiliated International Institute in Amsterdam.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

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been given absolute instructions that no one else but Moyne was to be harmed, not even if it meant their own capture. Those instructions were just as much a part of the politics of the assassination as the act itself.

But Moyne's death didn't have the benefit of television cameras, which have become, for groups like Black September, the substitute for a political ideology which accepts the necessity for the use of violence, together with the understanding that violence, by itself, merely for the purpose of attracting immediate attention, is destructive, anti-human and basically reactionary, no matter how well cloaked it is in the vocabulary of Marxism or nationalism.

Media deeds, like Munich, obscure the real issues, cover up the real grievances, throw a heavily charged cloud of emotionalism over injustices and allow micro-violence to be castigated, bitterly, while macro-violence goes unnoticed and unheeded. And so the true problems of the Middle East have been lost in the welter of charges and countercharges following Munich, as the tempo of reprisals and counter-reprisals escalates and the political situation becomes ever more desperate.

[SHIFT TO THE RIGHT]

Clearly, the entire Middle East, including both the Arab states and Israel, is moving rapidly to the right, with help from the super-powers. The latter have direct interests in maintaining the present regimes at the status quo, with perhaps a few minor adjustments to be made between Israel and its immediate Arab neighbors. Mao, Brezhnev and Golda all chose, consciously, to opt for a Nixon victory because, in their judgment, such a victory would mean a continuation of the order and stability they want at the moment. Guerrilla and resistance movements are in eclipse all over the world. And in the Middle East, the forces for order and stability are in the hands of the regimes in power, no matter what their political views may be: most of the Arab states are controlled by backward and reactionary, if not feudal, governments linked in some way to one or more of the super-powers.

The long-range effects of the American detente, both with China and the Soviet Union, are still unclear; but obviously it will have consequences for the Sino-Soviet rivalry and for the future relations of the Arab states with each other, their relations with Israel and the struggle of the Palestinian Arabs for some form of self-determination vis-à-vis the Arab countries and Israel.

The Soviet military exodus from Egypt may have been forced upon Russia, but the action may also have been greeted with some relief. The success of Soviet policy in the Middle East has been contingent on the continuation of the no-peace, no-war status of Arab-Israeli relations. The Russians have been able to extend their power in the Middle East, but they understand that securing their economic and military influence depends on the maintenance of, if not the status quo, at least no more than a rearrangement of the status quo—a rearrangement which does not bring about another war between Arab countries and Israel, a war which the Israelis would be almost certain to win unless the Soviets were willing to run the risk of confrontation with the U.S.

China, too, has an important stake in the Middle East, both ideologically and because of the Soviet presence there. The tension in Chinese policy, the pulls and pushes in policy-making, derive from its analysis of the present situation coupled with the past Chinese commitment to the Palestinians, a commitment which manifests itself in the Chinese opposition to any Soviet-U.S. agreement, "bartering away" to quote the Chinese statement at the United Nations, the Palestinian and other Arab peoples' "right to existence and their national interest."

The Chinese have been open and covert supporters of the Palestinian resistance movements. The Chinese describe the Arab governments as "being victimized" by "Israeli aggression." But, in recent months, the Chinese support for the resistance movements has been tempered, somewhat, by such actions as were carried out in Munich. At the U.N., for example, where the Chinese defended the use of "revolutionary violence against the violence of imperialism, colonials, neocolonialism, racism and Israeli Zionism," they also attacked "assassination and hijacking of individuals as a means for waging political struggles." The Chinese said they were "also opposed to terrorist acts by individuals or a handful of people divorced from the masses, because they are harmful to the cause of national and people's revolution."

The Soviets have accused the Chinese of actually being willing to sell out the Palestinians, of having started, in the words of a Soviet news report, "a flirtation with the Israeli aggressor, the sworn enemy of the Arab peoples." The Chinese vehemently deny such charges and, at the official level at least, the Chinese icily reject any notion that diplomatic relations will be established between themselves and "the Israeli aggressor." Still, some informal contacts have been made, and since the U.S. has now put the kosher stamp on opening formal diplomatic relations with China, Israel is certainly interested in establishing such relationships.

Simultaneously, Israel's ties to the United States are as close and strong, militarily and politically, as they have been since the early 1950s, when Israel began its career as a junior partner to the U.S. (The history of Israel-China relationships is an excellent illustration of how the partnership operated: the possible opening of Chinese-Israeli diplomatic relationships in the 1950s was aborted by Israel for fear of U.S. disapproval. Today, the change in U.S. relations to China allows Israel to follow the lead of its senior partner and explore a new opening to China.) The Israelis are not always comfortable playing the subordinate role in the relationship, dutifully following the lead of the U.S., but no Israeli government has believed it had any other choice considering Israel's need for U.S. military and economic assistance. And the relationship has certain reciprocal elements: in the field of intelligence work, an area in which the Israelis excel, they have been able to provide the U.S. with information that might not have been otherwise available and they have even been willing to allow the U.S. to claim credit for Israeli feats. For example, the CIA's loud proclamation of its success in spiriting out of the Soviet Union a copy of Nikita Khrushchev's secret speech denouncing Stalin was only possible because the speech had been turned over to the CIA by Israeli agents who had actually procured it.

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The Israelis help carry out American policy in other ways as well. Typically, in mid-December 1972 a South Vietnamese government official told an Israeli newspaper correspondent that the South Vietnamese government hoped it would receive "technical help in the military and security fields" from Israel if the American disengagement from the country takes place. And the South Vietnamese spokesman informed the Israeli journalist that the plan to replace American personnel with Israelis "was not only known to Washington but was inspired by it."

Israel, like America, has moved to the right, no longer even pretending to be the semi-socialist state it once claimed to be. Every poll of Israeli public opinion clearly shows that the political center of Israel has shifted, almost en masse, to the right in its choice of leaders, its view of a desirable internal economy and politics, the character of the country's relations with the Arab world and attitudes towards the super-powers, especially to the U.S. Notwithstanding public professions to the contrary, Israel's present leaders and much of the general public supported Nixon not only because he presented himself as Israel's friend and protector, but also because his political and economic conservatism matched Israel's own view of itself today.

Israeli political jokes, produced and distributed in Israel at a rate which qualifies them as one of the country's heavy industries, are almost always cruel. And such quips as "Moshe Dayan has the easiest job in the cabinet. He only has to fight Arabs. Every other minister has to fight Jews." accurately reflect both the slashing, bitter polemics characteristic of internal Israeli political life and Israeli contempt for their Arab antagonists.

The joke *cum* political commentary has its counterpart in the Arab countries. And in Beirut, as in Jerusalem, my introduction to the current political situation came packaged in wit. "Last year," I was told, "was the year of Sadat's decision and this is the year of Sadat's circumcision."

The bitter irony inherent in that joke mirrors the sense of Israeli domination and power felt in the Arab world. A concomitant feeling is that the Arab states are incapable of dealing with their enemy and so are anxious to accept reality by some form of accomodation with Israel. But the forces of accommodation are restrained by internal pressures, political ones and, lately, religious ones too.

In the Arab world, reactionary Islamism is on the rise, bolstered by the present active Libyan leadership. And the result of this increase in the influence of Islam is that those who oppose the religious reactionaries in the Arab world are as fearful of the consequences of that opposition as are those who oppose the feudal or reactionary political regimes which still control most of the Arab states.

The present dire situation of the Palestinians is another illustration of the shift to the right within the Arab world. The Palestinian resistance movement has committed some of the most serious blunders made by any recent movement any place in the world and it can only blame itself for many of the disasters which it has encountered. But even without the movement's own grievous errors, the Arab governments' shift to the right means that almost every Arab state would be willing to sacrifice the long-range Palestinians' interest in favor of their own short-term gains. The Jordanian massacre of the Palestinian movement was only the overt manifestation of an attitude felt, covertly, by other Arab countries, too.

"But at least we're not ghosts any more," an official of the Palestine Liberation Organization said to me bitterly when we talked in his Beirut office. "At least the world knows we exist now."

He is probably right, but if the Western World does know that the Palestinians exist, it thinks of them only as anonymous, faceless murderers--insane fanatics who *gleefully* applaud the slaughter of Puerto Rican pilgrims at Lod Airport and the killing of Israeli athletes at Munich. Virtually nothing else is known about the Palestinians except among those who specialize in Middle Eastern affairs, plus those people identified with either the left or with Third World groups; in those two latter cases, the support given to the Palestinians is total and often totally thoughtless.

The fact is, however, that what remains of the Palestinian Arab movement today is split, involved in bitter internecine warfare and almost completely ineffective as a political movement. I had arrived in Beirut just a few days after the assassination by bomb of Ghassan Kanafani, the handsome and popular Palestinian novelist who had been the public spokesman for the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP). Thousands attended his funeral which, according to one of my Arab friends, "was also the funeral of the movement."

No one is yet certain who was responsible for killing Kanafani, but the most prevalent rumor placed the blame on Jordanian intelligence, perhaps with some help from the Israelis. It is a plausible theory. In September 1971, King Hussein's soldiers killed hundreds of Palestinian activists and hundreds of others fled from the Jordanian Army to their other enemy, Israel. Most Palestinian activists are convinced that the refusal of other Arab leaders to intervene then demonstrates that the past policy of depending on the Arab states was incorrect, and that they have been "betrayed" by the Arab states. They believe that Egypt, which is becoming increasingly conservative, will sacrifice the interests of the Palestinians as quickly as Jordan if a satisfactory agreement can be reached with Israel; they know the Lebanese are their unwilling and unhappy hosts, that Iraq will not help them and that even Syria is no longer a dependable ally.

The Israelis, too have severely hampered the Palestinian groups' activities --by infiltration and by the use of military force, as was done in Gaza. Finally, the Palestinian movement is in extreme disorder because it failed to build a broad constituency among the masses of Palestinians, and expecially those in the occupied territories. In place of developing such a base, the groups depended on developing tactics of violence, but without a long-range political strategy from which tactics could flow.

The judgment that Kanafani's funeral was also the movement's may be too harsh, but even if the movement isn't dead, it's badly disabled. Comparing the feverish pace of activi-

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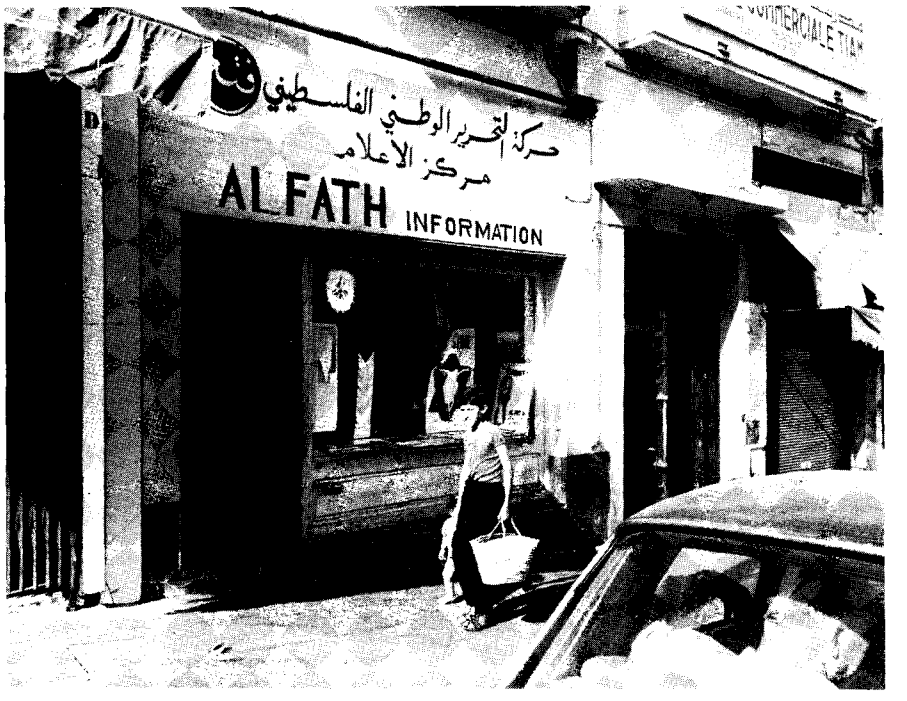
ties carried out by the Palestinian organizations in 1969, when I first encountered them, or even 1970, with today's lassitude and dispirited condition makes it clear that the four key groups are in almost total disarray.

[GUERRILLAS IN DISARRAY]

Fetah, which has always been the largest and most powerful group, is torn apart now by internal dissension. Arafat's leadership has been challenged from within his own organization, and even though he warded off the attempt to dislodge him, his prestige and that of the organization has suffered severely. No longer is he such a media darling, sought after by the press, radio and TV; no longer is he the welcome guest he once was in all the Arab capitals. The loudly heralded timetable for Fetah activities of 1969 is no longer even discussed. The first stage of that timetable was to be guerrilla raids from across Israel's border, followed by the organization of bases within the occupied territories which would then set the stage for "liberating" Israel. But Fetah never had a fully developed ideology which extended beyond the vague notion of setting up a "democratic, secular state" in which Moslems, Jews and Christians would live together. Its lack of a cohesive political philosophy and its failure to live up to the expectations it promised has caused a serious drop in membership and popular support.

The Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine *was* hurt badly by the murder of its spokesman, Kanafani. Dr. George Habash, who identified himself as a revolutionary Marxist, has been absent from the Middle Eastern scene for many months, reportedly first in China and then in the Soviet Union. The PFLP activities have been focused on skyjackers and the support it once had among Palestinians living in the occupied territories appears to have been badly eroded.

The Popular Democratic Front, which originated in a split from the Popular Front, was never a large group. Its leader, Naif Hawatmeh, accused the PFLP of forsaking revolutionary principles but the PDF's overwhelming concern with its own ideological purity has led it to organizational sterility.



Fetah office in Algiers

The umbrella organization, the Palestine Liberation Organization, which tried to coordinate the activities of the separate groups, still functions publicly but reflects the difficulties its constituent elements are experiencing. Always in a difficult posture because of the conflicts among the resistance groups, the PLO is in a far worse position now: its officials know the reality but do not admit it publicly. Still, in Beirut one PLO official conceded to me quite readily that the Palestinian Arab resistance movements *have* committed grave and destructive errors and *have* made the most serious misjudgments about their own capacities and those of Israel. He also agreed that the Palestinian groups had allowed themselves to become so much the creatures of the media that they had even begun to believe their own press releases.

In other such discussions with Palestinian Arabs I felt a subtle shift towards a different appraisal of the present and future possibilities. I heard a tiny resonance of a feeling that perhaps the Palestinian resistance groups must accept the prospect of some accomodation with Israel.

If I am correct, such a prospect represents a fierce pressure on those more intransigent and militant Palestinian formations who have set themselves the task of carrying on the resistance in terms of armed struggle to eliminate Israel as a state. They must, then, undertake such violent actions as will prevent any accommodation from taking place and they must force the Israelis into carrying out more and more severe reprisals, inevitably involving the Arab states.

Visiting with another Palestinian Arab who had been a Fetah official when I first met him in 1969, I learned that, as a result of the disorder and sense of futility which hangs over the Palestinians, he had ended his full-time political activity. Other former secondary resistance leaders I knew have also returned to their private lives, working once again at being lawyers, engineers, architects, physicians or members of other professions. And those that still remain publicly active told me they are isolated, both from the general world in which they live and even from some activities of their own organizations. Still a third group of activists has gone underground, splitting from the publicly identifiable groups.

The split began after the Jordanian government's slaughter of the Palestinians in September 1971. That action convinced a number of resistance members that they were doomed if they remained in groups whose leaders continued to depend upon

PHOTO BY DOMINIQUE BERRETTY/BLACK STAR

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Arab governments, especially since the Arab governments most directly involved in the struggle against Israel seemed willing to accept some kind of Palestinian state on the West Bank as a compromise solution to the Palestinian problem. Such a solution would mean placing in serious jeopardy the Palestinian attempt to achieve a direct form of power in the area which is now Israel. And so the Black September group began.

The Black September activists believed that only through terror, only through the most violent forms of action, could they make any impact upon Israel and, equally important, upon the major powers. It is clear to any realistic Arab that, despite the demagogic rhetoric which is the curse of the Arab world, no Arab state or combination of states can win a military war against Israel. And coupled with this belief is the conviction of every Palestinian with whom I talked that (a) Israel will not give up any of the occupied territories, except if it is forced to do so by the great powers, and (b) that no Palestinians will ever be allowed to return to their former homes in what is now Israel. Thus the educated, politically committed Palestinian Arabs are in a state of total depression; that depression combined with frustration either makes them movement dropouts or gives rise to the present desperado tactics of the Black September group.

The daring activities of the Tupamaros, the Uruguayan Marxist guerrillas, are one model for Black September. But crucial differences separate the Tupamaros from groups like Black September. The South Americans are very ideological. They operate within their own country, instead of outside it, as do the Palestinians. They are extremely careful, in almost all cases where they have kidnapped hostages, to make certain that the persons they kidnap and hold or, in a few cases, kill, are direct enemies, not merely innocent bystanders like people who happen to be on a hijacked plane or athletes participating in the Olympics. And above all, the Tupamaros are always aware of the necessity to maintain direct and continuous contact with the constituency they have developed.

These Black September terrorists—like many Palestinian Arab leaders—*are* refugees, but they have never lived in a camp, for they come from upper-middle-class Palestinian families wealthy enough to send their children to the United States or Europe to be educated. In the absence of an integrated, long-range political ideology, such class origins made it difficult to organize the Palestinian masses: many of the resistance activists were never completely at ease in the poverty-stricken camps. And as a substitute for the tedious, day-to-day effort required to build a constituency among the Palestinian masses, these activists developed a philosophy of militant action devoid of serious ideology.

Yet those very qualities and characteristics which were their weakness as organizers of the Palestinian masses —their education, upper-middle-class or even upper-class upbringing and habits—gave them the ability to function better as conspiratorial terrorists. Traveling around the world is easy for them: unlike most of the refugees in the camps they are familiar with airplanes and hotels. They know how to drive cars and order meals in restaurants. They can dress as well as they need to, without appearing conspicuous and ill-at-ease in public. They speak other languages besides Arabic—one of the Munich terrorists spoke in fluent German to a member of the group trying to negotiate the release of the hostages, explaining that he had learned the language as a graduate student in Germany. And they can pass themselves off as having other nationalities than Arabic, if they must.

Black September is thus a worldly group, and it has its admirers in other parts of the globe. The same posters of the Palestinian resistance I saw in Beirut are tacked up on walls in the Belfast headquarters of the militant IRA group. Because radical Japanese students are familiar with the Palestinians, it was possible to recruit members of the "Red Army" to carry out the Lod massacre. And it is even conceivable that a future anti-Israeli action might be carried out by Americans, including American Jews.

Again, too, the new technology has made cooperation and coordination much easier for such widely separated groups as the Japanese "Red Army" and the Black September group: jet planes fly everywhere and the world has become accustomed to the sight of young people of different races and colors sitting in them or gathered together at such places as the Dam Platz in Amsterdam, the Spanish Steps in Rome or the Plaza in Berkeley.

International as it is, strong as its ties are to its counterparts in other countries, Black September has its own special character which derives from the Arab background of its members. I have never seen a Palestinian Arab wearing a *galabiya,* the long white or blue cotton robe worn by so many Arab men; no Palestinian has ever stopped arguing with me in order to obey the daily calls of the muezzin to pray to Allah or attend Catholic mass. Never have I heard a Palestinian Arab make a single reference to the Koran or the New Testament as a justification for a political position, and in all the meals I have eaten with Palestinians, few paid any attention to the Islamic or Catholic dietary injunctions.

Nevertheless, these irreligious Moslems and Christians, these intellectuals who have been trained either at Western universities or at the Western-influenced universities, *are* affected profoundly by their Arab backgrounds. Somewhere in their consciousness, the concept of *karameh,* the special sense of Arab honor, still exists, focused now on the need to reverse past defeats, to wipe out the humiliations of the past when their parents or grandparents fled or were expelled from what was once known as Palestine.

The Palestinians seem obsessed with the notion of identity; and for reasons which I do not understand, Americans and Israelis, who have such a clear, often arrogant sense of their own identity, cannot seem to comprehend the need of the Palestinians to search for *their* own identity.

"What do I tell my daughter when she comes home from school and asks me what she is?" one Palestinian living in Beirut asked me. "She comes crying because her schoolmates tell her they are Lebanese or Kuwaiti or Egyptian and she is nothing. I keep telling her she is a Palestinian but what is that?"

(When Americans or Israelis tell me

(Continued on page 58)

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Confessions of a Number One Son

I was born and last seen being carried off by alleycats into a dark neighborhood. William Bendix found me in the rubble of a village during a Japanese air raid at my dead momma's withered tit wailing hoarsely. The movie was *China.* I was the symbol of helpless, struggling China in the arms of William Bendix. He named me "Donald Duck."

The wail went from movie to movie. The Japs have tortured me into giving up the secret position and are driving the little life of me left in my little battered body in a truck full of Jap soldiers out to get the jump on John Wayne and my missionary teacher from Indiana and all my friends. I grabbed the wheel of the truck and pulled that truck right off the world and sent it down the darkness. My body rolled out to the burning truck to the feet of John Wayne and all my surprised friends working their stealthy way through the jungle. America saw my face by the flamelight of the burning truck full of Japs. They saw me trying not to cry out in pain while tears streamed down my cheeks.

"Don't try to talk," John Wayne said softly. And John Wayne and the Missionary teacher who'd failed to teach me how to properly spell A-M-E-R-I-C-A instead of A-M-E-L-L-I-C-A exhanged looks and sadly shook their heads. And all the soldiers and all my friends were getting down on their knees around me. "I failed," I said. "I guess I'll never be promoted to sergeant now," and my eyes began to roll back into my skull and my breath, a quiet shriek from my lungs, was the sound of metal scraped with a long file. Now and then I coughed and blood rosebudded out of my mouth. John Wayne took the colonel's bird off his collar and pinned it on me.

By the light of burning Japs sputtering and sizzling in the background, women in the shopper's matinees with their paper sacks and red meat tokens saw tears in John Wayne's eyes. "You didn't fail," he said to me and had to gulp something back before he could say, "He-yeck! You got that promotion! I got orders from the Presi-

Frank Chin wrote the play The Chickencoop Chinaman *that played in New York last year. His fiction has won the Joseph Honey Jackson and James T. Phelan awards. He is at work on a novel "Charlie Chan on Maui" under contract with Harper & Row.*

by Frank Chin

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"China," starring Loretta Young and Alan Ladd, with William Bendix, and Philip Ahn. Directed by John Farrow. A Paramount Picture.

dent himself to promote you all the way to colonel." And the women in the shopper's matinee sighed at the vision of my face filling the darkness. My eyes opened up big and buzzed with an orchestra playing the *Battle Hymn of the Republic.* And the missionary teacher from Indiana put her ear to my mouth as I agonized out my last words, "Ayeeee! Emmmm!" My eyes came open, shining gleaming silver like something crazy. She wiped the blood from my lips, from my eyes, and arranged my hair a bit at a time. "Eee," I continued. "Easy, champ," John Wayne said. He shrugged violently, suddenly, and looked into the flames of the burning truckful of Japs. "Ell! Ell!" I screamed. "Eye! See! Ayy! AMELLICA!" I cried struggling up to my elbows suddenly. The missionary teacher screamed. John Wayne said, "At ease, colonel," and I fell back into a shot of John Wayne with his mouth open and was dead in his arms.

One summer vacation from college I was Frank Sinatra's gunbearer in the jungle south of the Chinese border in World War II. The Japs ambushed us, wiped out the field hospital and Frank Sinatra stuck his gun out to me while continuing to glare off after the direction of the runoff Japs.

And his arm stayed out there awhile until he got the idea something was wrong. I hadn't taken the gun from him. He turned around to see I wasn't there. I was on the ground awhile back, been blinking sweat out of my eyes a long time now, on my back with a twenty two pound Browning Automatic Rifle and bipod, a six pound M-1 Garand rifle, a Thompson machine gun with a drum magazine and sack of hand grenades, spare parts and extra Zippo lighters. "I have failed you," I said. "Don't talk now," Frank Sinatra said. Then they were all around my cot. The doctor and Sinatra exchanged looks and shook their heads no at each other. I'm shuddering, trying not to cry. In this movie I'm as tall as Frank Sinatra. Breath comes whinneying from my lungs. Frank Sinatra draws his Colt forty-five and chambers a round. He tells everyone to leave the tent. "You can't do it!" someone says. "It's murder!"

"It's either this way, quick, or letting him scream all night," Sinatra said. "You wouldn't let a dog suffer like that." I was never heard from again in that movie. From the time I was born screaming in a bombed out railroad station in Shanghai through the days I was known on the lot as America's most loyal Chinese American, because the Japs I came up with on the screen were fouler than even the whiteman imagined, I always get killed. I'm known in the industry as "The Chinese who dies." So I ask the question: Why me?

The answer is Charlie Chan of the movies. Our Father Which art in Hollywood, Charlie Chan be Thy Name. Amen. Everybody took to Charlie Chan, knew he was only passing but saw him as the real image of Chinaman anyway. That was in 1925. By 1936 the success of the Charlie Chan image filtered to the top, well-fixed in the minds of the finest people, including the first official Chinatown spokesman: Leong Gor Yun—a fake Chinatown author with a fake Chinese name, who wrote a fake book "Chinatown Inside Out."

America in its sinister wisdom invented a different movie form to irritate and mess on the minds of each of its minorities individually. For Indians it was the Western. The black movie was the courtroom drama where a black man would be accused of crime and then sit in a courtroom and listen to two white men discuss Abraham Lincoln and Karl Marx. The Chinese movie was the Charlie Chan movie and the road movie. Whites like Gary Cooper in *The General Died at Dawn,* Barbara Stanwyck in *The Bitter Tea of General Yen,* Alan Ladd in *China* and James Stewart in *The Mountain Road* came to China out of Hollywood to get on a Chinese road over some mountains and discover that this road through China, bumping into love and hate, birth and death, is the road of life and runs into roadblocks, sideroads, and wham, a crossroads! But the beginning is Charlie Chan.

In the beginning there was Earl Derr Biggers, mild-mannered hack writer with a gift for cliches. In Hawaii, laying out on the lanai, sipping his Mai Tai and listening to the happy kanakas crooning harmoniously in the fields as they chopped the sugarcane, Derr Biggers was the picture of a contented Southern colonel sipping a julep on the verandah. He read about a Chinese detective before. And out of the void of this white man's mind, Charlie Chan was born.

In the tradition of 2100 feature films and stage productions with Chinese character leads, no Chinaman's ever played the role of Charlie Chan. Two Japanese in the early days

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when the Chan part was so small it was at the small print end of the credits, but no Chinaman. Not even when the old men of Fox and Monogram's 44 features had passed. Warner Oland and Sidney Toler were both dead and Roland Winters retired from playing out the last days of his career as someone's grandfather in James Garner and Jerry Lewis movies. All the classic Chans are gone and NBC and Universal Studios did prophesy Chan's second coming in color and sent NBC vice president David Tebet out into the world saying he was looking for an "Oriental actor who spoke English in an accent understandable to U.S. audiences." Not even when they promised it out of the trade papers, gossip columns, and wire services did a Chinaman ever play Charlie Chan.

Keye Luke, the original Number One Son and still active in the post-midnight talk shows doing his Lionel Barrymore imitation, still looks in his forties and now and then shows up as a blind priest of Chinese mysticism who's overcome his handicap by reciting the drabber quotations of Kahlil Gibran on ABC's *Kung Fu.*

Keye spoke English in an accent good enough to be understood playing fools, converts to Catholicism and Oxford all with that same stiff, studied ineptitude of his Number One Son for over 40 years and was last seen renewing an old friendship with Gregory Peck that led directly to his being trampled to death by the Red Guard in *The Chairman.* Keye took a chance and auditioned for the part of his own father. He also had an idea of his own about playing Number One Son grown up. Keye Luke envisioned a television series featuring the adventures of Charlie Chan's Number One Son all grown up. A hip and modern Chinese American tough who might have been an All-American quarterback before a few years as a special agent of the F.B.I. "Charlie Chan worked for the police department," Keye notes, "This will be different. I will be a private detective." Keye Luke didn't get the part of Charlie Chan. And the Derr Biggers estate that owned Charlie Chan demanded the new Chan be just like the old ones. Keye's registered with Medicare now. Number One Son's in his sixties and still dreaming of going into private practice.

"China," starring Loretta Young and Alan Ladd, with William Bendix, and Philip Ahn. Directed by John Farrow. A Paramount Picture.

Victor Sen Yung, Number Two Son, was Chinatown San Francisco born and raised himself up through high school as a live-in houseboy for a white uptown family where he learned to speak English like he was born in Chicago, Illinois. He's the most talented Asian-American actor there ever was. He stole the show from Bette Davis in *The Letter,* and drove the censors at Paramount nuts with his ability to make anything he said to Loretta Young, in *China,* sound lecherous and aggressive. Scenes between him and Alan Ladd were cut from the finished film because Victor's hornrimmed glasses, skinney, smartass Chinese student was too much for Alan Ladd, who was on the road of life. Among the Yellow actors in Hollywood, Victor Sen Yung is remembered for being moody, pushy, totally out of his mind. He's thought of as being jinxed. I got the impression people were avoiding him. The lines yellow actors are given to speak have been pretty much the same for fifty years. But with Victor Sen Yung's ability to talk any kind of white American and European accent and giving it a twirl and a question mark at the end of every phrase and pass it off as a Chinese accent, the lines took on some class.

Soon after Pearl Harbor, the United States Government in the form of the Office of War Information (OWI) notified Hollywood that Charlie Chan movies were now official anti-Jap propaganda. To signal the fact righteously to the Japs, Hollywood produced a grotesque parody of the Chan movies involving a Charlie Chan and his Number One Son who go from comic and lovable clowns to pitiful and loathsome reptiles, from comforting to sinister merely by going from Chinese to Japanese in *Across the Pacific,* John Huston's first big film after his smash *The Maltese Falcon.*

Sydney Greenstreet was a white man who's Jap at heart in Charlie Chan's white suit and white snapbrim . . . unsnapped. And Victor Sen Yung was the gunzel Joe Tatsuiko. He was to parody himself.

As Charlie Chan's Number Two Son he dressed in the latest fads—pleated pants and two-tone shoes. He took double, wham wham with his eyes back on white girls, and be bop baree bopped all kinds of American slang all ineptly, making Americans laugh. They admired the dumb son of Charlie Chan for wanting to be like them. With instinctive genius Victor Sen Yung produced a most distasteful and sinister Joe Tatsuiko merely by doing what Number Two Son did badly for comic relief, but doing it well, so well

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that except for the eyes, the skin and hair, he was immaculately, perfectly American. Whites couldn't stand it. The sincere fumbling Number Two Son who was so shy he was rarely seen talking to anyone other than his father or the black chauffeur was now cocky, backslapping Joe Tatsuiko, looking Humphrey Bogart in the eye and saying, "Boy, it's good to find someone on this boat who speaks my language!" He was the first one Bogart

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S PRODUCTION of "THE PURPLE HEART" with Dana Andrews
Richard Conte, Farley Granger, Kevin O'Shea, Donald Barry, Trudy Marshall, Sam Levene
A Twentieth Century-Fox Picture

shot and killed in the climactic scenes.

When NBC was sniffing the watering holes of the world for an Oriental actor to play an Oriental role, Victor Sen Yung was showing up as Hop Sing, the Cartwright boys' cook on TV's *Bonanza*. Benson Fong, Charlie Chan's Number Three Son, used to be so young, with such a sincere, trusting, handsome face that he got viciously shot up by the Japs in almost every movie he was in outside of the Charlie Chan movies. Today Benson Fong runs a string of sweet'n'sour suey joints and boasts of buying a new Cadillac every two years. He still gets killed in most of his movies and was last seen going to his maker in ABC's *Kung Fu*.

Benson Fong, Victor Sen Yung and Keye Luke were all in Ross Hunter's 1961 production of *Flower Drum Song*. The film's director, Henry Koster told me that musicals were usually the costliest form of Hollywood movie to make, because of the high salaries commanded by stars who were both actors and song and dance people. But *Flower Drum Song* didn't cost very much to make, Koster said, because "You don't have to pay Oriental actors much as you do regular actors."

NBC and Universal didn't cast a yellow lead in the role of Charlie Chan because they hadn't found an Oriental actor that was "dynamic," had "charisma" and "star quality"—in other words, "balls"—enough to play the part of Charlie Chan: . . . a decrepit, hunched over, mealy mouthed, sycophantic, clumsy, more-than-slightly-effeminate, limp-wristed, bucktoothed detective you could tell was Chinese because he never used first person pronouns "I", "Me" or "We" in the presence of whites. And to compound the offense, NBC trotted out their only black vice president, Stan Robertson, to say, "We don't think it's offensive," telling us what white men used to tell blacks a generation ago, "We wanted to cast an Oriental, and we looked here and in London and in Hong Kong. Unfortunately, we never found an Oriental actor who could carry the movie."

Stan Robertson was Birmingham's revenge. The Chan movies of the Forties and Fifties were on-screen/off-screen double-visioned parables of racist order with whites on top, blacks on the bottom and two kinds of Chinese in between. "I'm sure that any intelligent and proud Chinese would more or less resent the whole idea of Chan," Roland Winters, the last Chan, said. "Not so much Chan, because he wasn't too bad, but his, you know, the silly kids that did stupid things."

The Chinese and the silly kids that did stupid things had a servant, Birmingham. Birmingham was black—lowest fool on the totem pole and played by Mantan Moreland, last seen doing the same vaudeville routine he brought to the Chan films, in a Midas muffler commercial. Now in 1972, a black man speaking for NBC told us that being told not one of us was dynamic enough to play sleepy old Charlie Chan wasn't offensive.

Whites all over America weren't surprised to see a Chinaman with a black servant and talking nasty into the face of people like Willy Best in *Charlie Chan at the Race Track*. A film that featured Charlie Chan saying, "Murder without blood, like Amos without Andy." But it didn't look right to me. Word got around Hollywood that I was a troublemaker. A picture of Stepin Fetchit basking by his pool in Beverly Hills, had Chinese servants in Mandarin collars serving him drinks. I sensed a primitive message running to the blacks out of the Charlie Chan movies.

I went to a tape recording of my agent's voice, and talked to it—my agent, Bessie Loo, the agent handling most of us yellows. I discovered I was dealing with one of the powers behind Charlie Chan. She's the only agent ever permitted to work as a studio casting director while working

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as an agent. She dealt with herself, casting her clients. They were all yellows. She delivered the yellows to the studio. Bessie Loo is the source of every Asian, Oriental, gook, Jap, Chinaman, Nip, Chink, Slopehead, Chinese and Japanese you remember. And that lingering impression of bland indifference all of them mechanics, cooks, houseboys, orphans, honorable sons and Japanese soldiers combined leave you with, is the result of Bessie Loo's genius.

"Bessie," I said to the playback of her voice, "I can't do this Chan movie. Not another one. I'm too old to still be playing his son. And the other ones . . . they've been on my conscience, Bessie, ever since I read Richard Wright's *Black Boy*. And Bessie, he wrote up an account of a blackman down South who lets whitefolks kick him in the ass for a quarter, Bessie. And he just laughs and picks up the quarter off the scummy old floor with his lips! and wags his ass! And Shorty says he's going to the North, and they ask Shorty, "Shorty, what're you gonna do up North?" And Shorty said, "I'll pass for Chinese." Listen, Bessie, they don't like us, and we're not even down South! I'm scared. I got a wife and kid."

And Bessie Loo, this ancient woman, a seventy-odd-year-old woman whose skin was like cocoons all over her, recorded on Mother's Day, "Well, of course, I'm not as sensitive as some of the other people. To me, I think it's sort of a comedy thing, you know."

"But, Bessie, the joke's on me."

"And I have no qualms about it because, after all, Charlie Chan was a good man. He represents the Chinese in a good light."

"But what about me? What about us? Our people?" I asked.

"All that is ignorance," Bessie shouted.

"Bessie, I'm going to kill Charlie Chan. I'm in this organization, you see . . ." I said, but Bessie's voice went on over mine. She didn't stop talking.

"When I first moved Among American! I've always lived Among American, ah, people! And I've gone into a higher level home!"

"Most of the time we go bowling once a week, but we all swore this blood oath, you know, Bessie? We all swore to kill Charlie Chan."

"You know at first they didn't accept us," Bessie said, and she should know. In the seventy-odd years of her life she's been through most of our history here. She remembers horse and buggies, and being the first Chinese-American public school teacher in San Francisco teaching in Chinatown's Commodore Stockton grammar school. "They didn't accept us. Why? I wore trousers and they laughed at us. Thinking, 'Ooooh, a girl wearing trousers!' And look at them now. And uh, at first they all seem to, you know,

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'My goodness, a Chinese coming to our neighborhood!' They didn't like it. Even then I have an inferiority complex. Always, 'Aww gee, there's a white and I'm Oriental. I'm yellow.' "

"I'll walk onto that set tomorrow, Bessie. Walk up grinning my honorable son grin up to Charlie Chan and say, "Gcewhiz, pop, have I got a surprise for you!' and kill him dead. Then I will be a hero of my people."

"Awhile back I told you we were supposed to be seen and not heard, and it wasn't until I got away from home before I begin to express myself. Luckily, I lived in a home. An American home and they were nice to me. And gradually I felt the transition."

"Quit the science fiction, Bessie, and listen. I gotta kill Charlie Chan."

"And cuz they're human beings and I am too. And if they loved me, if they respect me, I'm sure others would."

"Way we got it figured, it's him or us, Bessie. No fooling."

"Now they have all the respect for me. And a large crowd. I'm the president of this and that and they're all American people. I have gone through a lot of humiliation and yet I come up smelling like a rose. It's up to you, you younger generation now. *Put your best foot forward!* That's what I say. And I sincerely mean it."

"I'm tellin ya this, Bess, with Chan out of the way, the coast will be clear!" I said, and the next thing I knew instead of going to the Chan set in the morning I died in a movie where Spencer Tracy tells the pilots, everyone in his leather jacket, that the Jap planes can't bank left and that Jap pilots laugh out loud when they bomb hospitals but they go down gentle,

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writing Haiku in their heads, singing them aloud breaking everybody's radio silence with a poetry reading around the American task force. The notion of Japanese kamikaze pilots going down, screaming engines whistling rivets out of the sky, mouthing original seventeen syllable poems about cherry blooms and frogdump for the radios of the American ships to intercept, struck me funny. I never trusted Spencer Tracy again.

It's no secret that Charlie Chan was official U.S. Government propaganda controlled by the Office of War Information during WW2. In the ten Chan films made in the war years, Charlie Chan and his sons weren't busy smashing Jap spy rings or even obviously involved in the war effort. He continued solving high society murders. His effectiveness as an anti-Japanese tool depended not on his exploits but his being visibly and actively not Japanese with all his heart and soul. The lives of Chinese and Chinese-Americans on and off the screen were pushed by American pop culture as images of the ideal American minority. Our mere and very being encouraged Americans to hate Japanese. We wore buttons that read: "I am a loyal Chinese-American."

Later, as one of history's little ironies would have it, Chinamans and Japs were one in Hollywood's mind, and Chinese- and Japanese-Americans were used against the blacks now, the way Chinese-Americans had been used against Japanese-Americans. *U.S. News and World Report* threw us at the blacks with "Success Story of One Minority Group in U.S." "Still being taught," they wrote, "is the old idea that people should depend on their own efforts—not a welfare check—in order to reach America's 'promised land.'" There are those in Chinatown who say the date of that story, December 26, 1966, was the day the San Francisco papers started their run of Negro gunman kills Chinese grocer stories. And with amazingly similar language, *Newsweek,* on June 21, 1971 ran a two-page spread headlined, *The Japanese American Success Story: Outwhiting the Whites.* Tom Wolfe said in *Esquire* that a Chinaman who was "loud, violent, sexually aggressive," was imitating blacks because "loud, violent, sexually aggressive" was "stuff that really stunned most Chinese." David Hilliard of the Black Panthers told the people of Chinatown they were "the Uncle Toms of the non-white peoples."

One of the masterminds behind bringing the Chinese- and Japanese-Americans together against the blacks was Phil Karlson. Having directed two Charlie Chan movies, *The Shanghai*

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Cobra and *Dark Alibi,* Phil Karlson was an old hand at the subtle art of portraying yellows as defective, pitifully naive children.

In 1960 Karlson became overseer of Japanese-America's modern image by directing *Hell to Eternity*—a slick stock war movie about a quaint Japanese-American family in East L.A. taking in an orphan white boy who grows up to become Jeffrey Hunter. This was the first American film to feature the evacuation of the Japanese-Americans off the West Coast. It also included a scene inside a relocation camp that made the barracks look like a rustic honeymoon lodge, or a knotty pine old folks' home.

Hell to Eternity foreshadowed the day ABC-TV would make Romeo a Japanese-American boy, and Juliet a mungy-looking white girl, Patty Duke, who marry secretly, while their families are in church one Sunday morning, December seventh, nineteen forty one, call it *If Tomorrow Comes* (it was originally titled *My Husband the Enemy*) and air it as the Movie of the Week on Pearl Harbor Day. And NBC's Robert Northshield told everyone a cheap sad story instead of telling the truth about the least understood and most touchily remembered period in Japanese-American history. These TV offerings rehabilitate the Japanese-American image by substituting one white racist stereotype for another white racist stereotype. As in previous times when white men transformed the hateful black stud into the lovable Aunt Jemima, so now the white racist that had seen mad dog Japs was now white racist love that saw helpless pregnant women and little babies.

In the white universe a white man gets thrown into a concentration camp and it's *Some Call it Courage, The Great Escape, Stalag 17, Hogan's Heroes,* and a skinny bombardier with a cowlick quoting from William Faulkner's Nobel acceptance speech, "I believe man will not only endure, he will prevail," several years before he won the Nobel Prize in 1949. But we go to camp and it's either all mad dogs tearing our bodies apart on the barbed wire trying to get out and sabotage American factories, or it's all helpless pregnant women, little babies, withered old men having a long cry. My dying words to Richard Widmark in Lewis Milestone's *Halls of Montezuma,* come back to me like a child's prayer. On page 95, Scene 147 of the script, it looks like poetry:

(gently chiding)
Sergeant, I am surprised at you.
You say you have been a long time in my country,
and yet you

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seem to have forgotten that for generations my people think not of living well, but of dying well. Have you not studied our philosophy or military science, our judo wrestling? Do you not remember that we always take the obvious–and reverse it.

(he pauses; then vigorously)

So we reverse the role of life. To us, it is death that is desirable. It is the source of our strength.

The dying Jap officer I played and Robert Northshield's 1972 model Japanese-Americans are of the same mythical people. Whites were so sure they were right that hearing a Japanese say he thinks in backwards didn't shock them. I never heard John Wayne, explaining American thought to the Japanese, say anything like, "Have you not studied our philosophy, our baseball, our cowpunchin? Do you not remember that we always take the obvious–and reverse it?"

Death did become a way of life among Japanese-Americans, but not in the camps. Artists like Mine Okubo and writers like Toshio Mori, intellectuals and journalists that had been scattered around the country unaware or out of touch with each other, were thrown together in the camps and produced a Japanese-American cultural movement. There was life in those camps, bad as they were. Death after the camps, when Japanese-America came out of the desert killing themselves to be accepted by whites. America had shown them what it thought of Japanese things, so they set out to outwhite the whites. Toshio Mori wrote Japanese-America's epitaph:

. . . We will leave individually, one by one, to some other locality and some to unknown beyond . . . Our world will be gone, and there will be no more little Tokyos. Yes, we shall see no more the lantern parades and the kimonos of the past. Our days of hightop boots, jeans, and the uniform mackinaws will be gone. The "Tojo" hats will become useless with wear and tear, and grotesque in new surroundings. We shall move on willingly into the melting world of our land, forever to lose our racial identity, however impossible, and assuredly certain to drop our differences when we shall pass away from the earth of our mutual interest."

And by the late '60s Japanese-Americans were so proud of calling themselves, "The Quiet Americans," that their semi-official history, by Bill Hosokawa, was titled, *Nisei: The Quiet Americans.*

For the Charlie Chan of the '70s NBC and Universal Studios preserved a white racist tradition. Ross Martin, a white actor best known for playing grotesques on TV's *Wild Wild West,* became the fourth white man to play Charlie Chan in 40 years . . . the fifth, if you count the short-lived TV series that starred J. Carroll Naish as Chan.

None of the Sons got the job as pop, and far from being bitter, Victor Sen Yung blames the blacks for the present scarcity of jobs for yellow actors and objects to Asian-Americans protesting against the casting practice because he fears white backlash in the form of no jobs at all for any yellow actor. Benson Fong doesn't talk about politics or religion or race. And the original Number One Son, Keye Luke, reveals that he has become resigned to white supremacy as a fact of life when he says, "There is one consideration that overrides all others, and that's box office. After all, this is not Oriental theatre, it's a white man's theatre. You have to cater to that.

When I wasn't Charlie Chan's son I was the Chinese who always dies. I died with funny last words, like looking at Alan Ladd and calling him Brother Number Four on my dying breath. "Goodbye, . . . Brother Number Fourererer . . ." I said and went limp, and slipped off the raft into the river. This Spencer Tracy movie was the first movie in which I died off screen. I'd never been *found* dead in a movie before. I'd never died alone without a scene before. Always before I passed and went limp as a movie star was pinning a medal to my bloody shirt, or was shot in the head by the star. I always have a relationship with the star. Like my best friend, Steve McQueen in *The Sand Pebbles,* shooting off the top of my head with his Springfield rifle. Or sometimes I'd die shouting something paradoxical. "The river does not content against the willow, yet the doorknob still turns," I'd say, and crash, I was dead. I've never been cut up by a boozer who wore a surgical mask made from one cup of a Chinese nurse's bra. He's sniffed the insides of the nurse's bras before boiling them, and the audience had laughed, as if the sniffing of a sock pulled off a Chinese tit had been sneaked in the movie. The audience laughed when he sniffed round and round the stitching down inside the cup of one large bra, moved to boil it, then did a double take with his nose and sniffed a long hissing sniff of something that made him groan. And he sighed and said, "This fits my face perfectly," bringing the audience out of the dark laughing. I'd never been treated like that in a movie before. I'd never been left alone in a movie, to die away from the Yanks. For me, William Bendix had pulled the pin on a hand grenade, laid his arms out back behind his head, and on the throw shouted, "This is for Donald Duck!"

My only consolation was that someday, all of them, Keye Luke, Victor Sen Yung, Benson Fong, Richard Loo, all of them will find themselves in a movie, dying without a scene and end up like me, seen fit only as a fanatically faithful Chinese-Catholic convert, cooking and dusting for Humphrey Bogart passing himself off as a priest, at an out-of-the-way Chinese village on the road of life. In a scene with a beautiful woman horny for Bogart, Bogart said I was like a woman to him. He said I took care of him, "like a good wife." Whatever it was I'd done, Hollywood hadn't forgiven me or forgotten. I stood up in the middle of the movies out of the seating section and asked the stars why I had to die and why they had to make me smile when Bogart likened me to a woman in front of a beautiful woman. I try to talk them out of leaving me alone to die. I'll die, but why do I have to be alone? If I could only be out of the room when Bogart likens me to a woman, or if I didn't understand English in this movie. And the people in the audience wait for Spencer Tracy and the airmen to leave me behind, see it becoming inevitable and weep for me, and they wait for the woman to knock on Bogart's door and come in and laugh. ■

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Gay Rock: THE BOYS IN THE BAND

by Andrew Kopkind

The Rock Revolution may be less cataclysmic than its partisans claim, but if rock music has not detonated the social explosions of the last ten years, it has certainly transmitted them more clearly than any other media artifact. Political protest, easy riding, psychedelia—you heard it first in stereophonic sound. I don't think "Sergeant Pepper" invented the drug culture or Dylan singlehandedly caused the times to a-change. But they made mass what was only minor; they broadcast a sensibility of a few and created a sensation for the many.

That process of magnification is being repeated this season with the mass-marketing of gay rock, and the promotion to superstardom of its most prominent exponents, David Bowie and Lou Reed. There have been gay rock stars before—Little Richard leaps to mind—but the predictable commercial and social pressures always kept them closeted when recording or performing time rolled around. Some went through the oppressive process of rewriting their homosexual material in heterosexual terms; others cultivated a campy ambiguity in their public image and left the rest to gossip.

But those are old, sad songs. Bowie and Reed come out, in word and deed, in lyric and performance. Bowie's live show, which I caught in Boston on the winter tour of America, was about as flaming a performance as I've seen topside of the caverns of the sexual netherworld. Many of his songs express gay love and its special pain. His glittery costumes fit somewhere between droog and drag. His movements across the stage are choreographed with a slippery lyricism that negates the sticky posturing of male rock musicians. He and his lead guitarist exchange erotic glances, gestures and grasps that are only barely acceptable between a man and a woman in a band under straighter circumstances.

Reed hasn't been around in his newest incarnation (he's due soon on a tour), although in the old days he would surface now and again as the star of the Velvet Underground on the Warhol/junk circuit. But Reed's latest album, *Transformer,* is both graphically and lyrically a gay turn-on. On the back cover he appears as an absurdly basketed biker and (do my eyes play tricks?) a bosomy siren. And in "Make Up" he promises:

We're comin' out,
Yeah, we're comin' out,
Out of our closets . . .

It's hard to be more explicit.

Bowie (who helped produce Reed's album, and also works with another coming-out group, Mott the Hoople) clings to more ambiguity, both in his work and in his life. His press agent seems obsessed with the fact that Bowie is married to a woman and has a child; in the next breath, he refers to Bowie's "bisexuality." Bowie's gay styles do not extend to his relationship with the press and public, to whom he (and his bodyguards and managers) is distant, somewhat authoritarian, and often nasty. His songs have more to do with the conflicts that exist around coming out than with the resolution of that process:

"I still don't know what I was waiting for
And my time was running wild
A million dead-end streets . . .
So I turned myself to face me
But I've never caught a glimpse
Of how the others must see the faker . . .
Ch-ch-ch-Changes
Don't want to be a better man . . .
Ch-ch-ch-Changes
Don't tell them to grow up and out of it . . ."

Riding the front wave of sexual liberation rock, Bowie and his Savanarolan manager, Tony DeFries, have embarked upon a project to create not just any old superstar, but an exploding supernova as big as the Beatles, with a distinctly '70s gestalt. I'm not at all sure what they think they're doing (nor is it clear that they know for sure) but media flotsam like space and sex and multi-mix and The Show keep bobbing up. Bowie's show, called (like the record) "The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars," was put together in his home-base, London, and launched on the American tour. The show and the shuck were successful, although in less than cosmic dimensions, and Bowie/aka/Ziggy is now a sweatshirt word.

Most of the straight critics of the tour passed over the question of Bowie's redefinition of rock sexuality with a condescending comment or two. "Not a limp wrist in the set," *Rolling Stone's* Tim Ferris reported, much relieved. They concentrated instead on Bowie musicianship, song-writing and showmanship—all of which were pronounced top-drawer. Some took with complete seriousness Bowie's neo-Apollonian spaceman imagery, and reported as literal truth Bowie's prediction that earthlings have but "Five Years" (a song title) on their planet before the Big Bang or Whimper ends it all.

It's probably unwise to engage in too close an *analyse du texte* of Bowie's songs or Ziggy's games. It's enough to recall that he has always been intrigued with extraterrestrial space, in a post-adolescent Kubrick way. His first album was called *Space Oddity,* and the title song was a charming romance about an astronaut called Major Tom who somehow drifts away from his space capsule and is lost in the Void. (Lately, Ziggy seems taken with Kubrick's most recent film; the Stardust show begins and ends with a recording of Walter Carlos's rendition of the electronic version of

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Ludwig Van's *Ninth Symphony,* and words like "droogie" crop up in Bowie's songs.)

My impression is that the space motif has always allowed Bowie to make more ambiguous the anguish of coming out, and to escape to a degree the reality of his personal-social conflict about sexuality. About the time I was getting into Bowie, I went to see a rerun of the film of Tennessee Williams' *Streetcar Named Desire.* I don't know what people made of it at the time it was first shown, but it seemed to me to be brimming with gay pain, fears, anger. And yet I know Williams has explicitly denied that it is a play "about" homosexuals disguised as straight people. Bowie's extended space metaphor appears to have the same sort of earth-based referents—sexual oddity for space oddity, gay fantasy for "Moonage Daydream." At the same time, Bowie looks "out there" to a future of transcendant sexuality: "Is there life on Mars?" he asks bitterly, and hopefully, at the end of one of his songs about the horrors of a repressive life on earth. And in "Oh! You Pretty Things" he exclaims,

"Oh you pretty things
Don't you know you're driving your Mamas and Papas insane . . .
Let me make it plain
You gotta make way for the Homo Superior . . .
Look out at your children
See their faces in golden rays
Don't kid yourself they belong to you
They're the start of a coming race
The earth is a bitch
We've finished our news
Homo Sapiens have outgrown their use . . ."

Although Bowie and Reed are the most up-front and authentic exemplars of the movement to de-macho rock music, they have their antecedents in the culture. The attack on "cock rock" which came in the first wave of feminism in the late '60s has had its effect. Some of the heaviness has disappeared from the music. There's even a critical backlash to that fashion: some male critics have been calling the Carole King - James Taylor - Joni Mitchell trend the "limp dick" axis. All that phallic imagery speaks for itself.

The new mellow music is easy to take, but it is not necessarily antithetical to male rock. Some of the most flagrant forms of oppression ("Under My Thumb") have fallen to more subtle ones ("Where You Lead, I Will Follow"), just as the "new sensitivity" often allows male domination to continue—by other means.

There are, actually, a few expressions of feminist culture creeping into the rock scene, both commercially and underground: groups like Alice Stuart or the New Haven Women's Liberation Rock Band, to cite polar examples. But it's rough going here as elsewhere. Most of the money, most of the audience, most of the industry is at best wary of explicit feminism, and at worst hostile. Despite that, women can occasionally find female groups, or more likely a female lead singer in a male group, with whom to identify.

But until Bowie and Reed, there has been no forthright gay content in rock aboveground—only the suggestive prances of Mick Jagger or the violent tantrums of Alice Cooper. Gay men have had to choose between watching a closet tease and a sadistic straight queen as they try in vain to identify with the culture that rock music expresses. Nor have straight men who are looking for non-macho models found many in male rock. Rock concert audiences have the ambience of P.E. classes in a high school gym when the lights blow out. Audiences of rock FM stations are overwhelmingly male.

What's curious, at first glance, is that there have been undercurrents of sexual ambiguity in rock since the beginning, from Elvis through Little Richard to James Brown and Mick Jagger. The theme is definitely ambiguity—rather than, say, homosexuality or bisexuality—because what is presented is not a variant of sexuality but the titillating sensation of the ambiguous. That's what sold, as the culture sells alienation or violence.

Some of the performers are more ambiguous than others. Alice Cooper performs in drag (less so, of late), but he makes it known that the boys in the band are closet straights. On his recent nationwide TV/FM "simulcast," Cooper felt constrained to step out of "character" for a moment and address the camera: "A lot of people think that me and my boys here are . . . funny boys. Now, isn't that just a bit silly?" Elton John has affected sparkles and satins and presents a Cockettish drag number in his touring show; and he and his writing half, Bernie Taupin, have finished a new love song to a man ("Daniel") who may or may not be his biological "brother." The Kinks had a hit single a while back about a transvestite named "Lola." Rod Stewart and the Faces continue to defy straight identification in their shows, although not in their music. And the J. Geils Band's new album, *Full House,* displays on its cover five large playing cards—three jacks, a king and a queen. The queen seems to be either blind in one eye or winking: a very strange hand indeed.

Whatever the "sexual orientation" of these musicians may be, the issue they raise concerns the *effect* of their sexual games, not the details of their preferences. It's not important whether this one or the other is straight, gay, or at some other point on the continuum. If sexuality is just a gimmick and ambiguity is promoted for its own sake, nothing much will change, and the culture will become that much more corrupted. Alice Cooper's constant conjunction of "sexnviolence" (as in "lawnorder") is so corrupt that he almost comes out the other end into innocence; but not quite. The others may be less pathological, but they seem to prefer to get into decadence, rather than into liberation. I'm not sure that there is always a discernible distinction between those modes—decadence and liberation. New values always grow from the ashes of the old; we've got to rock or mock the old culture to death before we can fashion a new one.

Bowie and Reed, as far ahead as they are, still taste a bit of ashes. Just as there can't be truly revolutionary institutions in a non-revolutionary society, there can't be liberated people in a repressive society: only people working on liberation. Bowie's showbiz paraphernalia and Reed's Velvety camp are understandable evasions and justifiable responses to an intolerable sexual straitjacket—but evasions and responses just the same. Only life on Mars escapes the terms of existence and the forms of behavior that Earth lays down. ■

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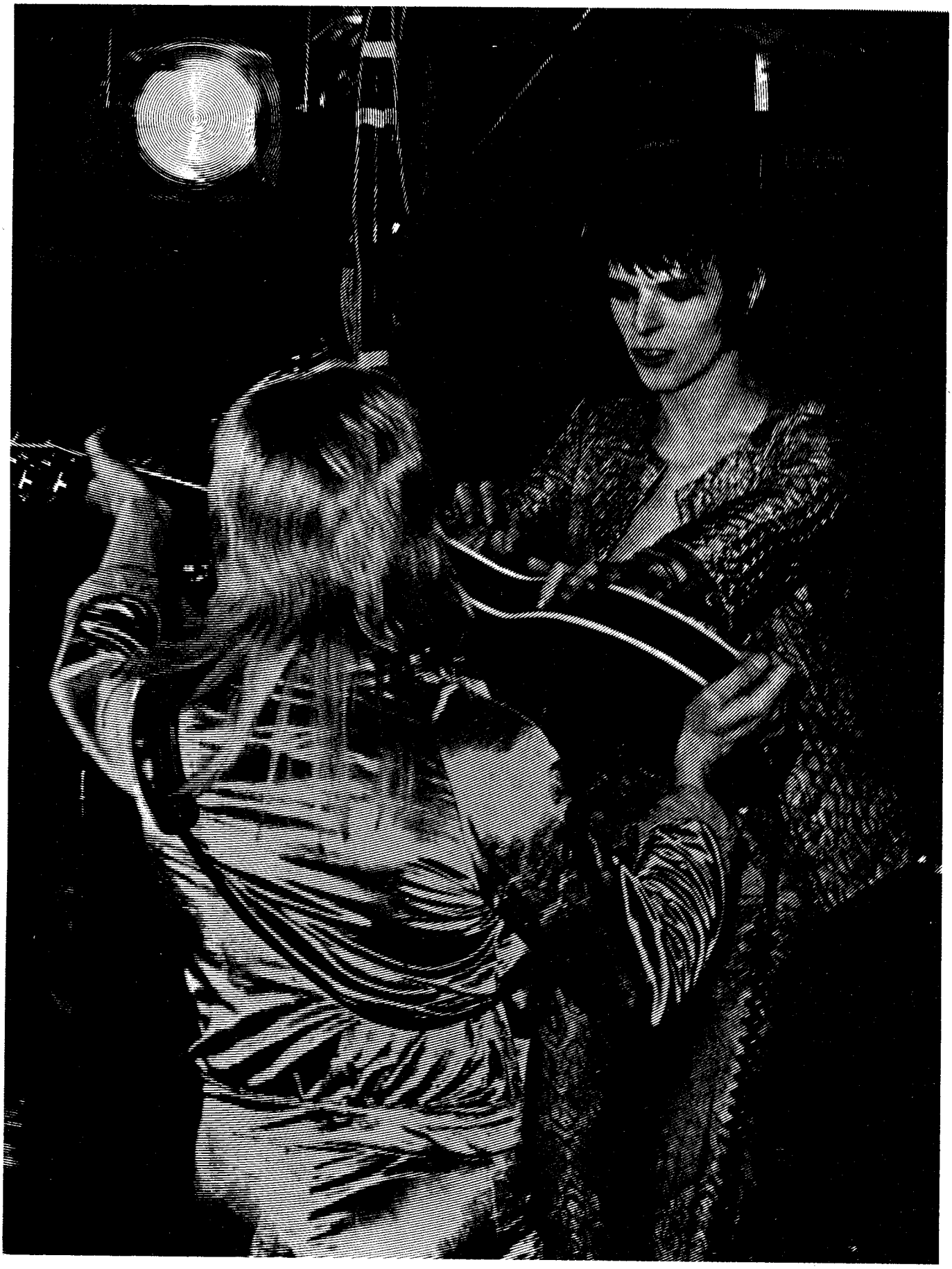

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Amidst the pomp and circumstance heralding the second coming of Nixon Agonistes, there looms the bleak implications of his campaign slogan, "Four More Years." Such a prospect leaves us with somber thoughts, especially as the current administration continues its assault against the press and as magazines like *Life* fold from their own inertia.

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FEMININE PLASTIQUE

(From page 29)

another 100,000 copies or stop publication of Cosmopolitan altogether," the memo read. It asked "What pleases you in terms of having breasts caressed?" and, "Any personal experiences you've had yourself or know about where somebody didn't like having her bosom caressed and then she was able to begin enjoying it?" Lest you think crass commercialism was the only motive for running a breast article, the memo noted the article's purpose was "to help a lot of men make a lot of girls more happy."

Remembering the breast memo, with lurid fantasies of Hearst vetoing stories on obscure anatomical parts and secret lusts, I asked George Walsh, Cosmopolitan's managing editor, whether there were any topics Cosmo wouldn't touch.

"Yes," he said.

"What?" I asked eagerly.

"Education and children," he replied. Our way of doing children, he continued, would be "how to ingratiate yourself with a divorced man's children if you want to marry him."

I have a horrible feeling," a Cosmo writer confessed to me, "that women actually take our advice. If women are dreaming about the mad, gay life in Manhattan . . . I have an awful feeling they might believe what we say. It would be horrible to have people shaping their lives on Cosmopolitan."

It seems they are doing just that. The letters come, and the calls come. "We get really sad letters, from people with nowhere else to turn," said Jamie Wallace, executive assistant to Brown. The letters probably reflect the writers' desperate loneliness more than any dependence on the magazine.

"I get phone calls from people who regard the magazine as a friend," said Roberta Ashley. "They say, 'You mentioned plastic surgery: should I do it? My hair is brown: should I dye it blonde?' "

Letters come from people saying they have to know *now,* and providing stamped envelopes for rush answers. Letters come from women who say they are terribly ugly and their husbands detest them: what can they do? A letter came from a woman engaged to be married in a month: should she marry the man?

The tactics don't always work. Last June Cosmo ran an article about Xaviera Hollander, the onetime "happy hooker." "A woman wrote in saying she'd followed one of Xaviera Hollander's tips and had her hair done and when her husband came home she greeted him at the door naked, except for high heels, with a martini in her hand. His boss was with him and he was so angry he left her, and hasn't come back. She wanted to know how she could get him back."

"It was so sad," said Judy Wenderholt. "She wanted him back, and couldn't get him, though the boss calls every day."

They showed me the letter, as it appeared in September's Cosmopolitan under the title "How to Succeed in Business Without Trying." The letter told the story with humor, and ended by saying "One *might* conclude that one should never take the word of a hooker—happy or otherwise—but think again: my husband's boss hasn't stopped calling since!"

"This doesn't sound sad. The tone is funny," I said. "And there's nothing about wanting her husband back."

"We livened it up a little," came the reply. "And we cut that sentence."

Cosmopolitan also receives a lot of mail from men "wanting sympathy" said Barbara Hustedt, and it still receives letters from people suggesting the next centerfold, sending photos of their boyfriends, or even their babies.

The *centerfold.* A hairy Burt Reynolds on a hairy bearskin rug. You almost couldn't tell which was the Reynolds and which was the rug. Decorously crossed legs revealed less than a bathing suit. But Cosmo did it.

The nude centerfold was Helen's idea, and covering the genitals was Hearst's idea. Of course. "She has a conservative, pious management," mourned one editor. "That's the cross she has to bear."

Why a nude centerfold? "She saw it would be a circulation booster and a trail blazer," said Walsh. "I thought it would be fun," said Helen. Or as the magazine explained, "Wasn't it time for our women readers to have a naked man of their own . . . Women are, of course, becoming more and more candidly sexual—no, that does *not* mean promiscuous, just *lusty* and honest in their appetite for and appreciation of attractive men. And men are meeting this challenge admirably. . . .

"*Our* nude pinup—is he meant to be a sex object? You bet! We think the real reason many girls are annoyed at being considered 'sex objects' is that they weren't, until recently, permitted to *return* the compliment."

Be that as it may, Cosmopolitan in the late 1960's was, in some ways, a magazine for a more liberated woman, a woman who had a role outside the home. "The other women's magazines lie in a deeper way," said one feminist. "They say your real true role is to be in the home and if you're not happy, something's wrong with you." Said another, "Cosmo was the first magazine to recognize that women also had sexual needs."

The other women's magazines have changed often along paths Cosmopolitan opened. Their copy and cover lines are livelier. Their articles at last acknowledge that their readers aren't all happy housewives. More of their stories stress making the most of oneself as an independent woman, although some still feature articles about a woman overcoming her problems and anxieties to adjust and become a better wife and mother.

Though influenced by Cosmo's success, editors at other women's magazines condemn its "warped sense of ethics" and bitterly charge the real Cosmopolitan girl is different from the image the magazine projects. This, in fact, seems to be true.

When I asked managing editor George Walsh who Cosmopolitan readers were, he handed me a four-page color leaflet, "Who is THAT COSMOPOLITAN GIRL?" The statistics in it were all from a 1970 Simmons study. The leaflet says "THAT COSMOPOLITAN GIRL is in her early '20s" and "She's Young—47.4 percent in 18-34 Age Group." Where were the other 52.6 percent? Very probably all 35 and over, judging from the previous year's Simmons profile of Cosmopolitan, for which I have more detailed figures. (That year 45.5 percent of Cosmo's readers were listed as 18-34. The rest were *all* listed as 35 and over: 29.9 percent were 35-49; 24.7 percent were 50+.)

The Cosmopolitan "profile" of

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THAT COSMOPOLITAN GIRL went on to say "She's Well Educated/ Attended or Graduated College–39.7 percent." (In other words, most Cosmopolitan readers–60.3 percent to be exact–did not attend or graduate from college.) "She's Unmarried–39.5 percent." (In other words, most Cosmopolitan readers–60.5 percent to be exact–were married.) "She works–51 percent." (In other words, almost half didn't work.)

"Hope is what they're selling. It isn't sex." said one editor at another woman's magazine. "They hold out hope for people who have been passed by. Cosmopolitan gives people the wish-fulfillment idea that there is always somebody on that mattress around the corner."

"What do the other women's magazines sell?" I asked.

After a pause, she said, "Lately we're selling questions."

Cosmopolitan's critics are widespread, and Helen Gurley Brown takes the criticism quite seriously. An editor-in-chief of an enormously successful publication, she still cries when attacked, say associates, and she can't bear to read critical mail; some of it is kept from her. But she continues to guide Cosmo in her own way.

"Helen's a charmer. She's originally from the south and she's just that way. She can't help it. She thinks all girls should be as fascinating as they can be," said Peggy Roth, a former Cosmopolitan editor. "Helen's more an evangelist than anything else. Helen wants all girls to be beautiful and everybody to be charming. She really does. She's very sincere."

Brown was born in Little Rock, Arkansas. Her father was killed in an accident when she was a child and her family moved to Los Angeles where her only sister was crippled by polio. (She has always helped support her family.) For Helen, growing up around Hollywood, the glamour, the bright places, the dazzling people were, as she once said, "so wantable." She said two years ago, "I'm editing this magazine for myself 20 years ago, the girl with her nose pressed against the glass."

She grew up "mouse poor," to use her phrase, and constantly worked and worked and tried harder than everyone else. She still stints on money and stays at work till eight or nine every night. "She's a nice version of What Makes Sammy Run," said Liz Smith. "She has an almost neurotic dependency on work. Everything is work for her. Everything is grist for her mill. In some ways she has very little relaxation and very little fun."

She was a girl for whom The American Dream came true. She scrimped and saved. She entered contests. She stayed late at the office. She didn't take coffee breaks. She constantly submitted memos. She capped her teeth. She dieted. She cleared her acne, fixed her nose, fixed her hair, and went to half a dozen analysts until she found the right one. She tried. And somehow, she freely admits, she was never hung up about sex, and she always found and boasted that, delicately, the best thing in life was free.

She was a child of the '50s and the magazine, for all its sexual "liberation," as it's called, still seems to belong in some ways to that era when young women still oozed into makeup and curled into rollers and sweated toward one ultimate goal: a man.

Helen Gurley Brown's dream was the biggest, the most dazzling, and she got it all. And every month 1.5 million women still pursue the Dream through the pages of her magazine. Every month more and more women buy it to find out "How to Make Your Bed So *He* Will Lie in It!" or "How to Handle Men Who Don't Want To Become Involved."

"Most people don't think grand thoughts like in *Ms.* Most people think mundane thoughts. Cosmo's got that–it deals with, are you worried about the scab in your ear, or 'Do You Think You're A Little Nothing?' " said Mary Reinholtz, a former *L.A. Free Press* writer who writes occasionally for Cosmo. Reinholtz feels "Cosmo is more pro-woman than *Ms. Ms* is decadent, wallowing in despair: women as victims. Cosmo is saying: do it! You can clean up your pimples. You can get your man. What is *Ms.* telling you? Marilyn Monroe knocked herself off. Sylvia Plath stuck her head in the oven. Cosmo is up. It's positive. It's pro-woman."

(In reply, Gloria Steinem observed, "There is a lot of joy and fun in the office that emerges, I hope, in the magazine." If *Ms* sometimes seemed depressing, she said, perhaps it was because "we've all had so many articles in our heads for years we've been unable to write in other magazines. There's an enormous anger you haven't been able to express.")

Cosmopolitan's version of women's liberation is sometimes astonishing, like the "Liberation Now!" pointers that suggested "Hire a lover and install him in a cute little apartment around the corner from your office." George Walsh criticized some of Brown's critics: "These kids were in diapers when she was yelling for equal pay."

How do you explain to people who are 50 that equal pay is no longer what it's all about? "Helen is a bridge, like women in my mother's generation," said one Cosmopolitan writer. Brown was quoted four years ago as saying, "I'm a materialist, and it's a materialistic world. Nobody is keeping a woman from doing everything she wants to but herself."

Cosmo doesn't seek to change the basic conditions, but to operate within them. It tells each woman how she can make it alone, rather than how we can do it together. Or as one Cosmo writer summed it up, "Why should you fight to change the system when you can get what you want?" Another writer has described Cosmo's philosophy as "Be a slave to get your way."

In a recent essay, Mary Breasted described the women's movement and its "sisterhood" as a way to cope with the world, the frightening new world without the old values and signposts, a lonely world where there is no arbiter but oneself. Cosmopolitan is another way to cope, and I think it a deplorable one, but it is speaking to a crying need, a need the women's movement also addresses. "It is no longer a question of whether she does or doesn't. She does," Mrs. Brown claimed several years ago. "The question is, can she cope."

More recently, she observed, "I consider myself a staunch friend of women's lib. . . . Everything about Cosmopolitan is indeed for self-realization, but I don't think doing that is inimical or competitive with loving, and I think you need to love a lot of people and need a lot of people

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loving you back," she said. Telling people how to love "was partly self-serving so the man will love you back, but there ain't nothing wrong with that," she said. "The charge is often levelled at us we tell people to be manipulative, to *use* men, that we're wagging our tails on a big, girlish act.

That isn't fair because we're really talking about how to be a loving woman, and .... If the women's movement is angry at us for saying the man-woman relationship is important, I plead guilty. The man-woman relationship *is* important. There just isn't anything as much fun as sex, and it takes two," she said. "Or it's better with two anyway." ■

ITT'S GENEEN

(From page 34)

money–that has made Geneen the champion among corporate collectors. He offers managements irresistible deals. "We have never made a hostile tender," he says.

When ITT acquired the Sheraton hotel chain, its three top executives were getting a total of $172,000 a year. Geneen paid them $315,000 to neutralize any hesitancy that may or may not have bothered them. The acquisition of the Levitt organization in 1968 is reported to have brought its president, William Levitt, a $150,000-a-year settlement plus riches he could not expect under his own ownership in the absence of his ability to get capital financing.

Geneen offered ABC between $500 and $600 million in 1966 when its gross revenues were $540 million. Earnings after taxes, however, had never exceeded $11 million. An optimistic, or at least reasonable, value of its true worth then would have been about $165 million, although at least one other conglomerate, Litton Industries, was willing to pay $80 a share for ABC stock to get into the broadcasting business. Geneen wanted in the business, too, and his offer in stock was $85.50 a share. Naturally, Leonard Goldenson, president of ABC, and key stockholders scrambled to sell.

Less understandably, four of the seven members of the Federal Communications Commission voted for the scheme in December 1966. This was the year, according to a veteran executive once high in the management, that ITT paid out $1.5 million in unrecorded bribes, much of it, he recalled, disbursed in Mexico to resolve the corporation's aggravating problems there.

There were precedents for allowing ITT into the broadcasting and telecommunications field, Geneen argued with good logic. Westinghouse and RCA were in the same business. He even promised the FCC that he would never, *never* interfere in any way with news and public affairs programming. Outside the FCC, nobody believed this. Three dissenting members of the commission scoffed at the idea that Geneen could keep his hands off *any* corporation once he had bought it. The Sarnoffs of RCA and NBC and other powers in the radio and television industry, whether they believed Geneen or not, wanted no competition like ITT. They lobbied feverishly in Washington to prevent it. Then the Justice Department learned that ITT planned to extract $100 million from ABC, to which it had given a loan of $25 million in advance of the proposed merger.

In a rare but not unprecedented move, the Justice Department filed an action against the FCC and asked the court to overthrow the merger decision. The suit was welcomed by Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon and Congressman Silvio Conte of Massachusetts, who said that the FCC was altogether too blind to charges of extensive contributions by ITT executives to political campaigns. It was the same charge, if less explicit, that poor old impartial ITT, then alleged to have been financing Democrats, had to contend with after 1971 when it was caught trying to feed money into Richard Nixon's re-election campaign.

The three-man minority on the FCC, headed by Nicholas Johnson, accused Geneen of calculated memory losses and "overbearing conduct" in his harassment of the press. The FCC commissioners cited "misrepresentations and exaggerations" on Geneen's part at a public hearing, and somewhat pointedly said that his extraordinary loss of memory about certain aspects of the merger arrangement was a contradiction "both to his very acute and probing mind and his intimate knowledge of ITT's very extensive and serious interest" in the telecommunications business.

The merger proposal was withdrawn. So much evidence of deception and shoddy corporate conduct–not to mention the supine acceptance of the merger by four FCC commissioners–emerged after the Justice Department entered the action that nobody among the participants relished the propects of litigation. As it developed, ABC was not quite in the moribund shape both companies had insisted was the case. Network revenues grew from $540 million in 1966 to $785 million in 1971, and earnings per share grew from $3.26 to $4.65--nothing spectacular but all right. Geneen had lost his biggest acquisition, but with the help of the United States government –in the person of some of its highest ranking personages–he got an even bigger one in the glory days leading up to the Nixon landslide of 1972.

Geneen had already acquired Avis, the Number 2 car rental service, after failing to attract Hertz; he picked up Levitt & Sons in 1968; Canteen Corporation in 1969; Grinnell Corporation's fire protection division in the fall of that same year; a couple of insurance companies; and, finally, the diadem in Hartford–adding up to $2.5 billion in assets, which just about doubled ITT assets accumulated through 1967.

When Geneen began to move in on the Connecticut insurance giant, which was protected–or so the state legislature intended–from acquisition by Public Act 444 of that state, some of his more daring underlings cautioned against it: "Hal, don't *do* Hartford," one executive pleaded. And it was no secret that the Justice Department was probably going to take away some of Geneen's goodies. His empire had reached a state of gigantism from forced injections of corporate growth hormones.

Richard W. McLaren, assistant Attorney General in charge of antitrust, was on record, publicly committed as a latter-day trust buster, to get judicial verdicts rather than negotiate consent decrees, even before the Hartford takeover. Acquisition of the great insurance company was certain to produce shockwaves, to bring down

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the wrath of federal power on ITT for such a demonstrable excess. But Geneen never temporized and was undeterred by pleading or counsel. A veteran executive of ITT, who knew Geneen for years, has put onto tape these excerpted reflections after eluding the golden handcuffs:

"Hell, Geneen didn't even *need* Hartford. It was an ego trip. He wanted to see if he could get away with it. These government agencies and their lawyers are no match for Geneen. He confounds them. He works men to death. He is amoral, immune to persuasion, incapable of knowing right from wrong. But the antitrust department doesn't seem to know right from wrong, either—not on any rational basis. And that's where Geneen multiplies his strength. His puritanical, self-righteous sense and his amorality are separate within the guy, but they are strong forces that drive him. He tells them, 'You do what I tell you, but don't do anything wrong.' This is impossible. Some of the inner circle had to do wrong, they had to participate in corruption to accomplish what they were directed to do.

"Geneen wanted to become the highest paid management executive on earth. He wanted to run the biggest operation on earth. He wanted the most power. He cannot stand the presence of anyone else who wants power. Money he will give them. Power, no.

"He's not so much above as beyond the law. All law, especially antitrust, is something to overcome. Remember, it isn't very hard to have contempt for antitrust if you are a corporate manager. It protects the giants from competition, from a couple of little companies getting together to compete with some huge outfit. Look at Western Electric, for God's sake! Antitrust certainly doesn't allow any new entry into the field. So Geneen isn't the only one who looks at antitrust law and sees a mess. But beyond this, the laws are simply not meant for him. He has no interest in it. It is an irritant, a frustration to be resolved. He is a collector. He likes to reel in companies. He is a master of overkill. He likes to overkill. He has screwed up a lot of companies and part of his personality is weird but he is an unnerving genius who always has seven or eight counter measures developing at the same time to contend with seven or eight different ways a problem or a project might turn out. He is way the hell and gone ahead of the government. He reacts to restraint and persuasion by cranking out more energy to overcome them. That's what he did in the Hartford case. I know Geneen has this fantastic genius. I also know he is a nut."

Despite the laws of Connecticut, which sought to protect its insurance business from the merger, Geneen somehow managed to get William Cotter, the state insurance commissioner, to allow it, reversing a previous ruling against Geneen. Afterwards, Cotter ran for Congress and won. Ralph Nader and his associate, Reuben Robertson III, instituted legal proceedings to overturn Cotter's ruling. They prepared a masterpiece of a brief in support of their case, but the power of ITT in the state and the later intervention on behalf of the conglomerate by Peter Flanigan, assistant to President Nixon, and others, as well as a collapse of will by Richard McLaren, overwhelmed all opposition. Everything fell into line for Geneen as he was supremely confident it would. Later, the reasons things turned out so well for Geneen became more clear. Coincidences occurred. But as they were examined they looked like classic corruption. If, in fact, they were corruption they were legitimized by the reelection of Richard Nixon and his retention of one of the prime suspects, Richard Kleindienst, as Attorney General. If a suspect in an antitrust arrangement happens to become Attorney General, it is scarcely astonishing that the law enforcement machinery does not customarily grind out indictments against its own administrator.

The consent decree which McLaren negotiated in 1971: (1) Allowed ITT to keep Hartford. (2) Required divestiture of Avis, an ITT subsidiary since 1965 and which, in Europe, had grown six times larger than it had been when acquired. (3) Required divestiture of Canteen Corporation, Grinnell, Levitt & Sons, Hamilton Life Insurance Company and the ITT Life Insurance Company of New York. (4) Forbade ITT from acquiring any corporation with sales of $100 million or more for ten years. (5) Established conditions under which smaller corporations might not be acquired if they commanded substantial markets in their fields.

McLaren telephoned Felix Rohatyn on June 17, 1971, to advise him of the settlement. Rohatyn, who had cruised about Washington persuading appropriate power brokers that the loss of Hartford would impose hardship on ITT, was a director of the conglomerate and a partner of Lazard Freres. Nicholas von Hoffman, a *Washington Post* columnist, gave him a name which clung to him like napalm: "Felix the Fixer."

The consent decree which McLaren telephoned Felix about meant that ITT did not have to go to trial. It meant further that it wouldn't have to give up any profits made on properties sold by court order. Thus the punishment for divestiture could be transferred to ITT books as profitable growth. Those stockholders who were apprehensive at the prospects of divestiture hurting the company and cutting down profits were needlessly worried, and Geneen told them; quite accurately, that the company would make a lot of money getting rid of the companies it was not allowed to keep.

Geneen had packaged his possessions in such combinations that even if he had given up Hartford and kept everything else he would have still come out nearly a billion dollars ahead. Of course keeping Hartford was far better than that since it amounted to 60 percent of everything in the package. If there were any punitive elements in the decree they resembled the sort of judgment under which the collector of ill-gotten riches might be ordered to mend his ways in return for keeping the money.

After McLaren notified Felix of this happy outcome in June of 1971—and after some of the ITT men sold off part of their stock, possibly in the knowledge that it might fall for a while when the decree was made public—things settled down for some months of normal frenzy and preparations for the divestiture. Then someone had to go and spoil the party. That was in February 1972, when the Washington syndicated columnist, Jack Anderson, began disclosing the

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contents of one of the most incriminating documents ever to come out of a conglomerate or, for that matter, ever to hit the political fan.

The trigger-tripping document, one of many that had been conveyed to Anderson and his staff from unrevealed sources, was a memorandum dated June 25, 1971. It was written on an ITT letterhead and addressed by Mrs. Dita Beard, a company lobbyist of modest renown in Washington, especially in Nixon-Republican circles, to her boss, William Merriam, a vice president in charge of local operations. It looked like hundreds of thousands of memos that flow upward and downward through the multilayered management of ITT, but this one somehow escaped what is euphemistically called "document control." It found its way into the hands of Brit Hume, an unawed and enterprising reporter for Anderson. It was not a carbon or a xeroxed copy but an original document bearing the initial of Dita Beard. The subject of the memo was: *San Diego Convention.*

The document disclosed her irritation at "that call from the White House . . . I thought you and I had agreed very thoroughly that under no circumstances would anyone in this office discuss with anyone our participation in the Convention . . . Other than permitting John Mitchell, Ed Reinecke, Bob Haldeman and Nixon . . . *no one* has known from whom that 400 thousand commitment had come . . . John Mitchell has certainly kept it on a higher level . . . We should be able to do the same . . . I told you that I had heard Hal up the original amount . . . I am convinced . . . that our noble commitment has gone a long way toward our negotiations on the mergers eventually coming out as Hal wants them. Certainly the President has told Mitchell to see that things are worked out fairly. It is still only McLaren's mickey-mouse we are suffering. We all know Hal and his big mouth!"

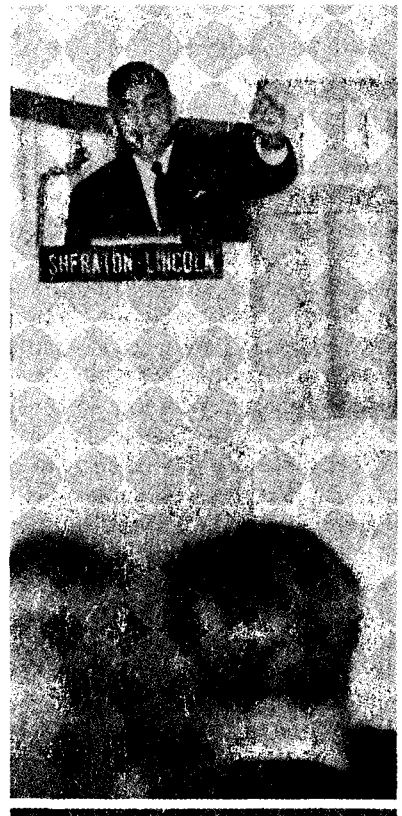
The memo went on to express the hope "that all of this can be reconciled . . . if all of us in this office remain totally ignorant of any commitment ITT has made to anyone. If this gets too much publicity you can believe our negotiations with Justice will be shot down. Mitchell is definitely helping us, but cannot let it be known. Please destroy this, huh?"

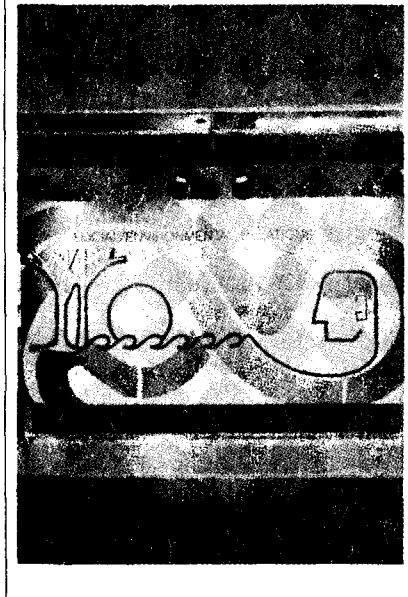
Twenty-four hours after the existence of this document was noted in the press, but a day or so before Anderson published it, ITT security forces swung into action. In the two months of wild and weird Senate Judiciary Committee hearings that followed these sensational disclosures, it was never made quite clear who ordered the later action in the Washington offices of ITT, but seasoned ITT-watchers deduced it had to be Geneen himself working through the Hanway channel. Geneen later told a stockholders meeting in Memphis that it was "a local decision" resulting from poor judgment. But in view of the fact that William Merriam, the boss in Washington, was said to disdain even the purchase of a box of pencils without authorization from up the line, Geneen's explanation evoked stony smiles of disbelief among the knowing. Certainly nobody on the Senate committee believed him except, possibly, Senator Roman L. Hruska of Nebraska, an addicted partisan so devoted to Richard Nixon that he once declared it altogether appropriate to appoint a mediocre justice to the Supreme Court because mediocrity was commonplace among the citizenry and was entitled to representation on the bench as much as any other level of accomplishment.

The impending publication of the Dita Beard memo moved somebody to set up and turn on an office appliance capable of shredding documents beyond reassembly. Into this churning dispose-all the ITT staff dispatched for many hours whatever papers and debris seemed appropriate under the circumstances. "A good many sacks" of papers were destroyed at high speed, one of the company lawyers conceded in a subsequent hearing. Thereafter, there could be no chance that the Senate committee or any other agency would find further supportive evidence of wrongdoing in the files.

The fact that the shredding of documents could be undertaken with impunity simply confirmed the belief held by many that Geneen possessed full mastery over the forces he encountered. He was the chief executive of

"'Let's buy the Roman Catholic Church,' someone suggested."





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the ninth largest corporation in the country, with an ugly record still trailing him from the attempted takeover of ABC, and at the time of the memo presumably facing trial on a gigantic antitrust case, caught pretty red-handed trying to underwrite Nixon's San Diego convention, and he was to lose little but credibility and honor.

The official proceedings which followed—the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings and the inquiry by the Securities and Exchange Commission—proved embarassing to Geneen and his conglomerate, but he had passed the point where such investigations can thwart his empire-building. The SEC inquiry turned out to be the more substantial proceeding of the two. It accumulated some 34 cartons of documents, summaries of testimony, and other data, to which the Special Subcommittee on Investigations of the House Commerce Committee tried in vain to gain access. At 10:00 a.m. on October 6, 1972—before Congress could subpoena the material—a truck carted it all from the SEC to the Justice Department, where it remains today under the watchful eye of Attorney General Kleindienst. In the end, all that became public was an account of the SEC's sweetheart treatment of ITT following the Hartford merger.

It seems that, in 1970, the conglomerate owned eight percent of Hartford stock then worth $92 million, which made it the largest stock holder in the insurance operation. When the Internal Revenue Service advised ITT that it had to sell these securities if the money was to be tax free in the Hartford merger, Lazard Freres sold $92 million worth of stock, or exchanged it for something else, to Mediobanco of Italy, with no registration of the transaction at SEC. Moreover, the stock later got back into the hands of the Dreyfus Fund, an investment house, again with no registration in the SEC. The chairman of the commission, William J. Casey, conceded to the House subcommittee that there was some doubt as to the legality of all this and that the question was in dispute. But no action has been taken in the matter.

This sensitive, favorable treatment of ITT is commonplace in Washington, and it is no wonder that Geneen came through the furor of the ITT affair with perfect equanimity.

Two weeks after the Senate hearings concluded on April 27, 1972, Geneen addressed ITT stockholders in Memphis. All crisp and cool in an assembly surrounded by hefty security guards and armed police wired with all sorts of electronic gear, he transmitted to stockholders in the baroque old cream and blue Sheraton ballroom, and to observers watching over a closed circuit color television system, the image of a pleased ursine predator licking his chops at the prospects of extracting new earnings for ITT from the billion dollars worth of companies awaiting divestiture. At the same time, he said the government had won a victory in its antitrust encounter with the company.

His outlook on the money to be made disposing of the forbidden companies was clearly euphoric and quite at odds with his old and repeated contention that the government was unreasonably antagonistic to big business. He was so pleased at the outcome of the government's great victory that one was left to wonder whether he could have contained his joy if ITT had won instead.

No doubt such a thought did not enter his head. For in his heart he knew that he had, in fact, won. He had achieved a position of such great influence and wealth that he could buy and sell the most powerful government in history. It was certainly no mean accomplishment.

Perhaps at that moment in Memphis he recalled the James Bond scenario. And perhaps he fantasized for an instant that in one of those leather chairs—controlled by a black button at his fingertip—sat none other than Richard M. Nixon. ■

ERRATA

In our January issue, we neglected to note that the article by Noam Chomsky, "Dark at the End of the Tunnel," was excerpted from a longer piece which appeared in the Summer 1972 issue of *The Holy Cross Quarterly*. That magazine holds the copyright to the piece.

We further wish to apologize for an error of fact which was introduced into the piece when we excerpted it. On page 39 it was stated that King Hussein "put forth a plan for a Jordanian federation which would include a Palestinian state." In fact the Hussein plan did not mention a Palestine state. The mistake was ours, not Prof. Chomsky's. ■

MIDDLE EAST

(From page 40)

that the Palestinians should be satisfied to live in one of the Arab countries and give up their attempt at returning to a place which perhaps they only know by hearsay from their parents, it is obvious they do not understand any of the distinctions which separate Arabs of different national origin. And it's also obvious they do not comprehend that the Palestinians' ties to a specific locale like Haifa or Jaffa and a specific house within it are so strong that it transcends generations and may even grow stronger in the children than it was in the parents. Yet if one were to tell Israeli sabras that they could always live in London or New York, they would roar with anger.)

[SEEKING AN IDENTITY]

Black September reflects this general search for identity, and though the other Palestinian organizations and the mass of Palestinians may disapprove of the Black September group's activities, no one ought to misunderstand the nature of that disapproval. The desperado tactics may be, and are, rejected by other Arabs because they are counterproductive, because they bring certain reprisals, because they are "not nice," because they demonstrate "political immaturity," because they threaten the possibility of any peaceful agreement between the Arab states and Israel and because large numbers of people are unwilling to run the risk of death or capture, but still . . .

Still, the grievances felt by the Palestinian Arabs are so real, so acute, so painful for them, that anything which gives them a sense that they do exist, as a people, does have at least a minimal appeal to the Palestinian masses and may even be welcomed, just as even many American Blacks who disapproved publicly of the Black

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Panthers' militant, armed, overt anti-white posture privately rejoiced in the swaggering braggadoccio of blacks who openly refused to be niggers.

Black September has created just such a sensation through its mastery of the technical art of terrorism. Once the group decided to embark upon a full-scale campaign of terror and violence, it was essential to change its organizational structure and develop new underground techniques. To thwart the possibilities of penetration by the Israeli intelligence service, or by agents from Jordan or other Arab countries interested in cutting down terrorist actions, the underground organization operates now with small cells, whose members know only each other and have no contact with other cells except through one person who maintains a minimal relationship with a counterpart in another unit. That kind of internal security is comparatively new to, and not characteristic of, the Palestinian guerrilla operations; the loose and careless protection provisions which prevailed even after the death of Kanafani and the others have been more the norm among the groups. Evidently Black September's tight security system is functioning, since neither the German police nor the Israelis knew of the Olympic Village attempt in advance. And underground operations carried out by activists will always be difficult to stop, short of penetration by Israeli agents.

It is true that the activities of the Black September group have thus given a temporary lift to the resistance movement, injecting it with a quick shot of political energy. But like all such shots, the effects will wear off and the movement will then be in an even worse position than it was before. One consequence of using terror devoid of realistic political content is that it postpones recognition of the overwhelming need of the Palestinian movement to face its real, now-acute problems.

Those problems especially include the need for the Palestinians to re-examine the political character of their movement, to redefine their goals in more specific terms than the vague statement that they want to achieve a "democratic, secular state"—a phrase which no longer has any meaning. The Palestinians need to reappraise their relations to the Arab states; they must ask how it is possible for them to maintain relations with societies which, in the interests of maintaining the power and wealth of an elite, oppress their own peoples. And the Palestinians need to decide how they will deal with the disunity of goals which is now so much a part of the larger Arab world. Finally, the Palestinian movement could develop a better sense than it now has of the changing character of Israeli society: the Palestinian vision of Israel has always been clouded, and especially so now. To cite only one example—the influx of Russian Jews into Israel has become a source of right-wing and expansionist pressure within Israel, yet the Palestinian Arab movement seems to take no cognizance either of that fact or of the significance of the Soviet decision to allow the emigration. Neither do the Palestinian Arabs seem to understand the significant deep cleavages within Israel, even though a few Palestinian intellectuals do know that there are groups and individuals within Israel who support the legitimacy of the Palestinians' claims and are willing to struggle for the achievement of those claims, up to the point of dismantling the entire state apparatus—an objective which, in any case, cannot be achieved within the foreseeable future, even if it were legitimate to consider doing so.

I am not optimistic about the future of the Palestinian movement, and what little hope I feel derives primarily, and almost paradoxically, from the sense I had in the Middle East, reinforced since I returned, that some leaders of the Palestinians are equally pessimistic about the future if the present failure of strategy and strategy of failure continues. I did feel, for the first time among Palestinians, a sense of tremendous disquiet about their current situation and I did hear them say that they might now be more willing to argue with at least those Israelis who were willing to concede that a historic injustice had been done to the Palestinians. I realize, too, that the Palestinians now distinguish more carefully than before among Zionists, Israelis and Jews living outside Israel. In the past, the Palestinians have tended to lump all these categories together, thus providing their enemies with an extraordinarily powerful propaganda weapon.

These shifts, minor as they are, may be of some importance for the future, especially since I have witnessed them in America since my return, from Palestinians living here and from Arab visitors. "We have moved from a crisis to a jam," Clovis Maksoud told an Arab-American audience in the Bay Area, referring to the present status of the Palestinians, while Walid Khalidi presented the same group with a cold and sober appraisal of the movement, devoid of sloganeering and rhetoric. Still another speaker at the meeting criticized the concept that the Palestinians must revenge themselves for past "humilations," pointing out that such a view could only lead to a continuation of the present catastrophic course on which the Arab world had embarked.

I do not want to suggest that a different and, from my socialist viewpoint, more healthy willingness to open a debate has emerged: most Palestinians are still unwilling, for a variety of reasons, to speak out openly within the Arab world. "If I had said at home what I said here today," one Palestinian told me, "I would have been carried out of the room horizontally"—and so long as that situation continues, no real progress can be made. Nevertheless, a debate is going on within the Palestinian movement and another, more substantive level of political consciousness may develop from it. But I am not too hopeful—hatred alone, unmediated by the real requirements of a viable political strategy, is useless for achieving clarity. And hate, plus a profound sense of their own inferiority, still dominates the Palestinian Arab feelings towards Israel, just as contempt dominates the present Israeli view of the Arab world despite all the pious protestations of Israelis to the contrary.

"Choose the right enemy," Moshe Dayan is reported to have replied when he was asked by Americans how he explained the Israeli military successes in the Middle East and the U.S. failures in Vietnam. The story may be purely apocryphal but it embodies elements of truth: when the Israelis do

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engage in combat they must be considered among the most pragmatic, tough and resourceful military forces in the world. The Palestinian Arabs do not yet comprehend that Israeli strength grows when the country faces external conflict, while its weakness lies in the internal conflicts that develop when, at peace, the Israelis must confront the contradictions they see between the humanist ideals professed by Zionism and the realities of Israel today, with its class and social divisions growing rather than lessening.

A reality, for example, of Israeli life is that thousands of Arabs from the West Bank are now working within Israel, without the benefits of membership in the Histadrut, the Israeli trade union federation, and so without the social welfare and economic protections guaranteed to Israeli workers. But the Palestinian Arab leadership is apparently willing to ignore the possibilities of either organizing this huge potential constituency, even though the Israelis would make such organizing difficult and dangerous, or of exploiting the sense of uneasiness felt by many Israelis because this captive labor force does exist.

Instead, the Palestinian Arab failure of strategy and strategy of failure continue, reinforcing the sense felt by popular Israeli leaders like Dayan that, unlike the Americans in Vietnam, they did pick the right enemy.

["RIGHT" ENEMIES]

Each nation within the Arab world is the "right" enemy for Israel, for different reasons in each case. Lebanon has no interest in a war with Israel: its business economy, its investment in developing tourism, its political structure and history, make it a nation much closer to a European model than a Middle Eastern one. The Lebanese military force is small and more enthusiastic, understandably, about fighting Palestinian guerrillas than in facing Israeli armor and planes, especially since Lebanon no longer has any territorial quarrels with Israel.

Egypt is beset with internal difficulties: with warring factions within the government, with student unrest and with the consequences of unfulfilled promises made to the masses. The country is still incredibly poor and Egyptian socialism has not yet brought as many benefits to the Egyptian workers and peasants as it has to the country's leadership elite. And despite the loss of Sharm El Sheikh, Gaza and Sinai, and the closure of the Suez Canal, no great appetite for war marks the country at the moment, especially since the Russian expulsion. It is possible, of course, that the Egyptian leadership, acting out of desperation and frustration, might bring about another war; but unless the Soviets intervene in a serious way the result of the war must be another Egyptian defeat.

Syria, like Egypt, is still very poor and totally incapable of conducting a war alone against Israel. Nor does the Syrian leadership, which seems more secure internally than that of Egypt, have any reason to believe they would get meaningful support from Egypt if hostilities did break out. And no serious Syrian can believe, for even a fleeting moment, that Jordan's present leadership would enter a war in Syria's interests. The "bone" in Syria's throat is the territory now occupied by Israel and it is conceivable that in their efforts to dislodge the bone, the present Syrian leaders might lash out seriously at the Israelis. If that happens, Damascus will become the headquarters of the Israeli occupation.

Clearly Jordan wants only some form of accommodation with Israel. The Jordanian emnity towards the Palestinian movement was demonstrated in its military actions against the guerrillas and it is no secret in the Middle East that the Israelis will allow the Jordanians to fly over Israel, if necessary, to hunt Palestinian guerrillas down. The United States influence in Jordan is great, and that means the U.S., Israel and Jordan have some informal working relationship involving the CIA and military commitments.

The unknown component, at present, is Libya, now governed by a 30-year-old Army officer, Moammar Mohammad El Quadhafi. Quadhafi is a devout Moslem and, even more, a proselytizing one. The Moslem prohibition on alcoholic beverages is carried out rigidly in Libya. Street signs are no longer permitted to carry Latin characters in place of Arabic letters. No magazines are allowed into the country if they carry photos of unveiled women, much less nude ones. Theft is punished now by the amputation of a hand while robbery with violence results in the cutting off of a hand and leg.

Quadhafi acts out in his foreign policy the old Moslem view which divides the world into the members of *dar al-Islam,* the house of Islam and *dar al-harb,* the infidels, the house of war. "The Libyan nation will carry the flag of Islam and of the application of Islamic law," said Quadhafi in a recent speech, and he has actively supported Moslem groups all over the world, no matter what their politics or religious commitment may be. If they're Moslem, to Quadhafi they are part of a mystical religious nation whose members must all support each other against the heathen.

(Evidently Quadhafi and Moshe Dayan share a common view of the mystical ties that bind Moslems together and Jews together. In an interview published last November, Dayan told a young Jewish social-democrat, "Who is a Jew? You are a good Jew but I am a very good Jew. Why? Because I live Judaism, I feel its history. I feel more for the Jewish woman in Miami—and I hate seeing her—because she is a Jew. I feel more for her than for a non-Jewish friend of mine in the army who has saved my life . . . because she is a Jew and I want to keep her as a part of the Jewish people." Quadhafi would also feel comfortable with Dayan's directive to Jews living outside Israel that they should "be more interested in Israel than in their own country.")

Quadhafi rules Libya absolutely, helped by the fact that Libya's oil resources are plentiful and desirable. He seems to see himself as the new Nasser of the Arabic world, expressing openly his contempt for King Hussein of Jordan while being more moderate in his criticisms of the Egyptian leaders. Of all the Arab leaders, Quadhafi is the most bitter enemy of Israel, but the country is small, with a population of less than two million. And although it now is getting delivery of Mirage planes from France, it is so far from Israel that its military forces cannot conduct a war, successfully, against Israel. Libya now is the principal

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financial supporter of the Palestinians and it's likely that its real anti-Israeli role will be limited to that activity.

A violent desire to begin a war with Israel doesn't appear to exist, at the moment, any place in the Arab world among the masses of the population. Certainly it's conceivable that the latent distrust, fear and possibly even hatred of Israel that does exist among many Arabs could burst forth; but at this point in time most Arabs would be satisfied if somehow, some way, the immediate problem would just go away so that they might live out their lives in a measure of peace.

The problems of the Middle East will not go away, of course, if for no other reason than because the Palestinians won't go away and neither will the Israelis. But it is clear that Israeli political leaders have never been worried less by Arab threats. Nor, in fact, should they be.

Yet despite the country's military triumphs and extraordinary economic achievements, a nagging sense of disquiet gnaws at many Israelis. Even those Israelis who, like Golda Meir, are totally convinced of their own rectitude and of the correctness of their judgments, seem slightly uneasy—seem aware, some place in their consciousness, of a feeling that, despite all the public protestations to the contrary, all is not quite so well. And a handful of Israelis, including figures who were once respected members of the Israeli establishment, are proclaiming their profound dissatisfaction with present directions of Israeli policies—in relation both to the occupied territories and the country's internal life.

"Our leaders act as if they have God by the balls!" one Israeli said to me bitterly, thus defining, very aptly, a special type of Israeli hubris. And at certain levels the Israeli leaders have good cause to behave with hubris. "Business is good in Jerusalem!" boasts a newspaper ad, pointing out to the foreign readers of the English language *Jerusalem Post* that "this is the time" to invest in Israel. The ad is correct, for in the cities huge cranes hang like great birds of prey over deep excavations, scooping out enormous bites of land to make room for the new hotels, office buildings and condiminium apartment houses that are being built at a feverish pace. The cafes, restaurants and night clubs of Tel Aviv are jammed, while nearly 150,000 private cars, each far more expensive than in the U.S., speed over new highways. El Al flights to and from Israel are jammed every day, not only with tourists but with Israelis as well—Israelis who can afford not only the price of the plane fare, but the steep travel tax.

Yigal Allon, Golda Meir and Abba Eban

Not surprisingly, considering the close ties between Israel and the U.S., a larger number of Israeli tourists visit America than do visitors from such countries as Austria, Belgium, Greece or Spain, all with larger populations than Israel and some with just as good economies. On a per capita basis, eight times more Israeli tourists visit the U.S. than U.S. visitors go to Israel. Seventy-seven percent of the 28,000 Israelis who made trips to the U.S. in 1971 went there on pleasure jaunts, making pilgrimages to their three favorite American attractions—Las Vegas, Disneyland and Hollywood. And despite the high cost of traveling in the U.S., nearly half of the Israeli visitors remained in the U.S. for more than a month.

Militarily, Israel has never been stronger than it is today, despite the occasional Palestinian guerrilla incursions and the Syrian shelling of kibbutzim in the Golan Heights area. No Arab state nor combination of Arab states can engage Israel in a serious war and not lose. And every intelligent Arab leader knows that a war with Israel might also open a conflict with the United States; the military and political alliance between the U.S. and Israel is close, extending from the always well-publicized formal visiting back and forth by political leaders and aspirants of both countries to the less publicized but still known relationship between the CIA and Israeli intelligence.

But even without U.S. aid the Israelis are capable of defeating any and all the Arab states. Israel's only military weakness is in dealing with the Palestinian Arab guerrillas and, even in that area, Israeli troops and planes attack with impunity inside Syria and Lebanon in vain retaliation for the killing of Israelis by the Palestinians.

World public opinion is another important, sedulously developed asset of the Israelis which will be exploited to its fullest during their 25th anniversary—to be celebrated all during 1973. The guilt of the Western Christian world over the Nazi extermination of millions of Jews is still another key element in the successful campaign to mobilize world opinion in at least tacit acquiescence in Israel's policies

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

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towards the Arabs. Which Christian, after all, wants to run the risk of being attacked as an anti-Semite, especially if remnants of anti-Semitism remain in the consciousness?

The Israeli government is confident, too, that the present role played by the great mass of Diaspora Jews as Israeli satellites will continue indefinitely. The Israelis have succeeded, with the unwitting help of the Arabs and especially of the Palestinians, in equating political Zionism, institutionalized in the existence of a Jewish state, with the interests of Jews throughout the world; to be a non- or anti-Zionist today, one must be prepared to run the risk of being denounced as a "self-hating Jewish anti-Semite." And most Jews outside of Israel know little of what actually happens inside the country. They do not want to know the realities of Israeli life nor do they want to deal with the fact that inside Israel a bitter debate is going on over the future consequences of the present internal and external policies of the government.

[SHARP DEBATE]

In fact, more than one debate on more than one issue is taking place simultaneously. The leaders of the coalition government argue with each other; the Israeli peace and socialist movements attack the entire coalition from the left while the expansionists and hawks, supported by the orthodox religious parties, criticize it bitterly from the right. Individual intellectuals mount their own critiques of Israeli life and within the separate parties making up the coalition, dissident groups fight with their own leaders. Of all these groups and individuals, the peace advocates, radical socialists and anti-expansionists are the weakest. They are fragmented, caught up in insignificant personal quarrels, have little popular support, and what little they do have is eroded continually because of the terrorist attacks launched by the Palestinians.

The policy debate going on now among the government leaders is a prelude to the forthcoming election in which Mrs. Meir will not seek to continue as Prime Minister. The leading candidates for that post are Pinchas Sapir, the finance minister, Moshe Dayan, the minister of defense, Yigal Allon, now the deputy prime minister, and Abba Eban, the foreign minister, who is the least likely to get the post. Dayan, too, although certainly the most popular figure in Israel, is disliked and distrusted by the powerful political figures within the coalition parties and it is they who make the decision on cabinet posts.

Within the government, a sharp division has erupted over Israel's policies in the occupied territories. Minister of Finance Pinchas Sapir is arguing vigorously on one side, with Transport Minister Shimon Peres and Defense Minister Moshe Dayan bitterly opposing his views; Deputy Premier Yigal Allon occupies uneasy ground somewhere between the major protagonists; and Abba Eban tries to maintain a judicial mien of "on the one hand, but then on the other," but leans more towards Sapir's views.

Sapir's position is one which he has held since the end of the 1967 war: he is convinced that Israel must give up the major portion of the occupied territories, not on any moral grounds, but because continuation of the occupation will cause the "strangulation" of the Jewish state, economically, and change, fundamentally, its "Jewish" character.

At the economic level, Sapir complains that the state is spending $138,000,000 per year on the territories and that this drain will continue indefinitely. He points out also that the present use of Arabs from the occupied territories as a reservoir of cheap labor will have disastrous consequences for the economy, retarding the development of mechanization and pulling down labor standards.

(At the moment, Arab workers are only 4½ percent of the labor force, but they are concentrated in menial, low-paying jobs in the booming construction industry where they are 20 percent of the manpower and in agriculture where they make up 22 percent of the work force. I had a strange sense of *déjà vu* while driving on the Israeli highways, seeing trucks jammed with Arab workers being transported to menial farming jobs with their employers being, frequently, kibbutzim and moshavim, the cooperative farm communities. It was as if I had been transported back to California and Texas at the time when masses of Mexican workers, "braceros," were still being brought up by Mexican labor contractors to do "stoop labor." And the hiring pattern in Israel today is the same as it was in California and Texas then, with Arab labor bosses recruiting their crews and contracting with Israeli employers for their use. And just as was true in the U.S., the workers from the Arab territories are excluded from receiving the pension and social welfare benefits received by Israeli workers. Indeed, until now, these Arab workers have not been allowed to join Histadrut, the Israeli labor federation.)

Sapir's supporters insist, too, that if the Arab workers are truly integrated into the Israeli economy, they will necessarily have to be given the same wages, working conditions and social benefits as the Israeli workers and that such an integration will raise their expectations still more—raising the spectre of ever-increasing Arab demands upon Israeli society.

Sapir is convinced, evidently, that the task of increasing Arab living standards is far beyond Israel's capacities. To prove his case, he points to the little known fact that although the standards of the Israeli Arabs have improved greatly, "few know that this minority, comprising 14 percent of the population, only pay 0.7 percent of income tax."

Sapir is worried, too, over the future character of the Jewish state if the occupied territories become a permanent part of Israel. He has pointed out that if the occupation continues, in 50 years the population will be nine million people, with nearly half of them Arabs. And he asks, "Is this the Jewish state we dreamed of and spilled blood for? Let us be realistic and consider with anxiety such bi-national or multi-national states as Cyprus, Ireland, Yugoslavia, Canada and even Belgium." (In his opposition to the occupation, Sapir, like almost every Israeli, excludes East Jerusalem and Gaza from consideration: he, too, insists that they should remain permanently as Israeli land.)

The Peres-Dayan position is diametrically opposed to Sapir's view. They are convinced that for reasons of military security, the occupied territories cannot be given

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up. But military security aside, the Dayan-Peres view, supported by Minister Without Portfolio Israel Galili, insists that Israel's borders must be determined by Israel. Galili, one of Golda Meir's most trusted advisors, told the Knesset, the Israeli Parliament, that "Israel will leave no vacuum in these areas. No area is out of bounds to Jewish settlements."

Dayan has been absolutely straightforward in expressing his views about the occupied territories over a period of years. In 1968 he stated that for 100 years the "Jewish people" had been going through a process "of colonization to enlarge the borders here—let there not be a Jew to say we are nearing the end of the road"; and in 1969 he enlarged on that position by saying "Our fathers had reached the frontiers which were recognized in the partition plan. Our generation reached the frontiers of 1959. Now the Six-Day Generation has managed to reach Suez, Jordan and the Golan Heights. This is not the end. After the present cease-fire lines, there will be new ones. They will extend beyond Jordan—perhaps to Lebanon and perhaps to central Syria as well."

And two years ago, Dayan stated explicitly that "Other countries end their wars with the idea of going back to the points they started from. In our case, we want something new, new borders, new relations, a new state."

Dayan is neither an extremist nor isolated in his position. (The "extremist" position among the expansionists is that of the "Greater Israel" movement who want to restore the ancient Judean empire.) A 1970 poll of the Israeli population revealed that nearly 42 percent of the population believed the occupied territories should be integrated into Israel and 87 percent were convinced that Israel should promote widespread settlement in the areas. More recently, another poll indicates that 31 percent of the Israelis seek to keep all of Sinai, 56 percent the entire West Bank, 73 percent Gaza, 91 percent Sharm el Sheikh and 92 percent the Golan Heights.

Only recently, Dayan made clear his belief that Israel should become the "permanent government" of the territories, that Israel "must devise a pattern of living and of situations which can be tolerated by the Arabs.

Moshe Dayan (center) at Wailing Wall

By this I do not mean arrangements to their liking but those they can live with, if they so wish."

And if the Arabs do not "so wish"? Well, Dayan has the answer to that question, too. He insists that "coexistence of Israel and the Arabs is possible only under the auspices of the Israeli Government and Zahal [the Israeli Defense Forces] . . . their departure from the West Bank and Gaza will mean the prevention of Israel's access to the places."

What Dayan is proposing, in effect, is permanent Israeli control over the occupied territories, but without granting the inhabitants Israeli citizenship. Dayan and Peres reject the notion of a Palestinian state on the West Bank, as does Golda Meir, who has refused to accept the existence of Palestinians in any Palestinian "entity" and opposes the development among Palestinians of "any organization or voice which will say the West Bank is a separate Palestinian state . . ."

Without deprecating the importance of this current debate over the future of the occupied territories, I believe it is only a symptom of a terrible malaise that afflicts Israel today, a malaise of the spirit, a malaise that, like all such psychic diseases, eats away at the country's soul. The idea that Israel even has a soul is one which would be rejected scornfully by those hard-headed pragmatists in and out of the government who have transformed Israel into the super-power of the Middle East. But I insist what is at stake is the country's soul. No less.

[SURVIVAL OR EXPANSION?]

The fight over Israel's soul has been going on for many years but it has intensified sharply since the end of the Six Day War.

This summer, while I was there, a fierce argument opened, started by former Israeli generals, about whether Israel did or didn't face the possibility of being annihilated by the Arabs in 1967. That dispute began when a former general, Dr. Matityahu Peled, said publicly that in May 1967 the Israelis had *not* been under a threat of destruction, "neither as individuals nor as a nation." Peled's argument set off a national furor, especially after others joined in the verbal battle.

Peled's assertions were defended by a number of other generals and by a former minister in the government who stated bluntly that the "whole story about the threat was totally contrived and then elaborated upon, a posteriori, to justify the annexation of Arab territories."

General Chaim Bar Lev, now a cabi-

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net minister, who was the previous Army chief of staff, corroborated Peled's view by declaring that "We were not threatened with genocide on the eve of the Six-Day War and we had never thought of such a possibility."

Then Ezer Weizman, ex-Air Force chief and ex-chief of operations in the 1967 War, volatilized the whole controversy. Weizman, until recently chairman of the Herut Party, avowedly a right-wing expansionist organization, believes Israel's boundaries "must be fixed according to long range, national, historical and actual interests. Only afterwards we must see to it that these boundaries be made 'secure.'"

The former commander of the Air Force during the 1967 War was equally blunt in describing the character of that war. He feels, too, that Israel went to war *not* because it was facing immediate destruction, *not* because it had "no choice." The "no choice" slogan, he said, "is endorsed by the Jewry of the Diaspora, which for its purposes wishes to see us heroes standing steadfastly with backs to the sea. The threat of destruction was already removed from Israel during the War of Independence. The adoption of the "no choice" slogan, however, engendered among us the Diaspora approval, as though Jews are allowed to fight only when they are targets of pogroms."

The former Air Force commander was also straightforward in his analysis of the 1956 Sinai campaign, bluntly denying that Israel went to war because of the threat from the Egyptians. Instead, he insists that the campaign "was an initiated political process, well-calculated and justified ... its timing and the manner of its execution were influenced by considerations aimed at taking advantage of international circumstances, more than by the development of the Egyptian threat."

Like the people whose viewpoint he represents, General Weizman believes that the territories occupied by Israel in the aftermath of the 1967 War are a natural part of Israel "because the attachment to those very places is the essence of Zionism and without them the Jewish State does not constitute an historical wholeness." Obviously, in Weisman's judgment, none of the occupied territories should be returned.

Such views and the policies they express evoke responses of horror and a sense of betrayal from those Israelis whose vision of Zionism is a more limited territorial one. Amos Kenan, one of Israel's most controversial writers, wrote with anguish of his own feelings when confronted with the argument that "whoever believes that he has no right to Gaza must also renounce his right to Tel Aviv, Daganya and Kibbutz Bavan, since Tel Aviv and the other jewels of Jewish settlements were nothing but links in the historic chain of Jewish settling in Palestine.... if they are indeed correct, I begin to doubt if I really have a right to Tel Aviv. At least to Tel Aviv as it is: a Jewish city, in a Jewish state, with one million Arabs deprived of rights."

If Weizman is correct in his analysis of Zionist and Israeli history, Kenan, a former member of the Stern Group, is caught in a terrifying dilemma: "I am an innocent follower of the Zionist lies and shall not move from them.... I believe that Zionism came to establish a shelter for a persecuted people and not to persecute another people. Even when facts strike me on the face and prove to me ex-post-facto that Zionism was nothing but a useful tool to deprive the Palestinian Arab people of its nomeland, I will stick to the lie."

Kenan is not alone in attacking Weizman's vision of the Israeli state. Professor J. L. Talmon, the distinguished historian of Hebrew University, spoke out vigorously against the Weizman position, although he conceded that much of the Israeli public believes, along with Weisman, that force can solve all the problems of the state, a view Talmon believes to be historically inaccurate and morally indefensible. Talmon also pointed out the dangers involved in ignoring the rights of the Palestinians and opposed, bitterly, creating new settlements in the Arab areas, a policy, he insists, which must be based on a system of fear—on terror.

Talmon did not limit his analysis of the present scene in Israel to attacking Weizman; he criticized as "the work of the devil," the government's policy with respect to the two Christian Arab villages of Ikrit and Bir Im. One of the villages, Bir Im, is one and one-half kilometers from the Lebanese border and is very old. It contains the ruins of an ancient synagogue, preserved by successive generations of Christian Marronite Arabs who have inhabited the village for hundreds of years. Ikrit, more than five kilometers from the border (a long distance by Israeli standards), was home for a few hundred Greek Orthodox Catholic Arabs. In 1948, the people of both villages accepted the Israeli victory and greeted the Israeli Army with friendliness. But despite their admitted loyalty to the new state of Israel, their homes were dynamited and their lands turned over to two kibbutzim in the area.

In 1951, the Israeli Supreme Court ruled that the villagers had a right to return, provided the Army would allow them to do so. But successive Army chiefs of staff refused to allow the return, despite the fact that the villagers had never been accused or even suspected of disloyal actions. Indeed, quite the contrary has been true, for some of the villagers have served in the Border Police. One of them, a major, and another, a sergeant, have been involved actively in the villagers' efforts to regain their homes.

"After the Six Day War I was sent to East Jerusalem and I was considered trustworthy enough to serve there for three years," the sergeant said to me, adding bitterly, "but still, they tell me that I am not trustworthy enough to live in the village where I was born."

Privately, a number of Israeli leaders have admitted that military security is not the real reason why the villagers can't be returned, even though that has been the public justification given. They concede that the initial removal of the villagers and the blowing up of their homes had probably been an error committed by some overzealous Army commander. But since the first mistake had been approved and then reapproved by nine successive Army chiefs of staff, they felt it was too late to admit the error now. And Mrs. Meir did *not* cite military security as her reason for refusing to allow the return, in a seven hour meeting she had with 20 Israeli writers and intellectuals to defend her policy. Rather she based her decision on the fear that a precedent would be set if they were allowed to go back because

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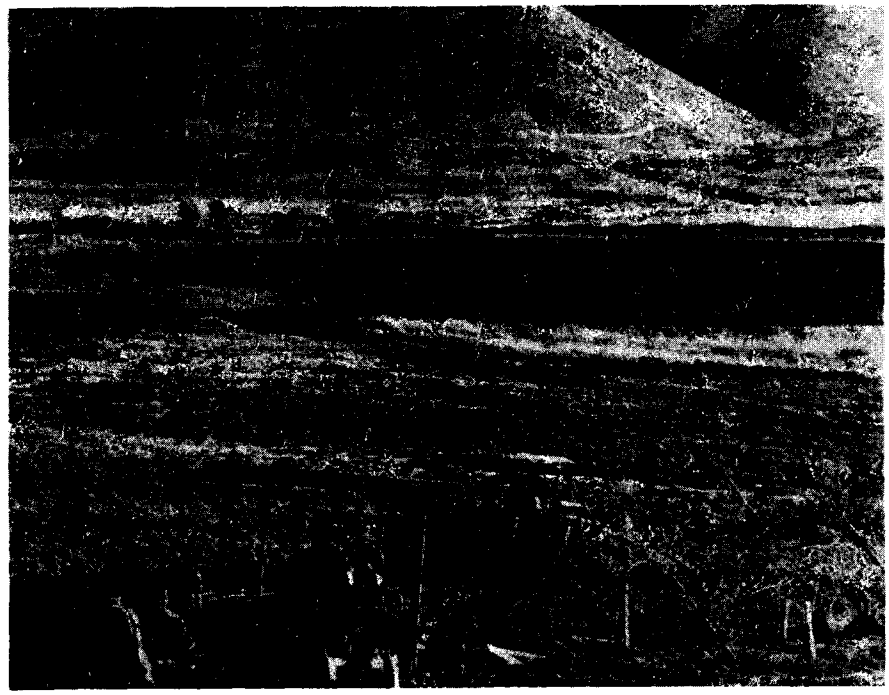
then the Israeli Arab inhabitants of 20 other villages which had been treated in the same way might also demand the right to return to their homes.

Indeed, if the people who once lived in the 20 other villages did use Bir Im and Ikrit as the basis for demanding their own right to return, it could be extremely difficult for the government; as in the case of Bir Im and Ikrit, the other villages have been completely eliminated and are now part of Israeli Jewish settlements.

And it is the fear of setting a precedent which really disturbs the government and many, many Israelis. The villages' land, now being farmed very prosperously by the two kibbutzim, is at the core of the problem: while some Israelis living in the two kibbutzim support the right of the villagers to return to their old *homes,* they also oppose returning the *land* to them; after all, Israelis have converted the fields from arid sterility to green and prosperous cropland.

(The kibbutz members are not empowered to return either the homes or the land to their original owners because, legally, the villages are the property of the Israeli Land Authority and only it has the right to dispose of it—which, obviously, it does not intend to do. When the villagers attempted to occupy the ruined houses, they were evicted by the police, acting on the demand of the Authority, and more than a dozen of the Christian Arabs were arrested.)



Plowing in the shadow of Golan Heights

[GHOSTS FROM THE PAST]

The proprietary sense many kibbutz members feel about their land would seem to be in direct contradiction to the communal egalitarianism which marks kibbutz life. But, in fact, some kibbutzim have become increasingly conservative politically as they have become more prosperous economically. The kibbutz bureaucracy has become as rigid as that of any other stratified political structure and the time when all the kibbutzim were frontier settlements, fit only for the physically hardy and the psychologically worthy, is long since gone. Today, frontier-type kibbutzim do still exist, but other kibbutzim resemble, physically, American retirement villages or summer camps. Swimming pools, theatres, cafes, guest houses and special sections for retirees from other countries can be found in older kibbutzim, and if one can cope with the lack of privacy, kibbutz life can be very comfortable indeed.

Another sign of the change in kibbutz mentality is found in the employment by certain kibbutzim of outside workers and, especially now, of Arab labor. In the early days of the kibbutz movement such a notion was unknown; today it is accepted. But the acceptance brings with it ideological discomfort for those Israelis who still think of the kibbutz as part of a movement, created originally to alter the nature of Jewish life from what it had been in the ghettoes of Eastern Europe. The ghost of A. D. Gordon, who emigrated to Palestine when he was 48 and spent the rest of his life at the hardest kind of physical labor, still hovers over the kibbutzim, imploring his fellow Zionists, "If we do not till the soil with our own hands, the soil will not be ours—not only ours in a social or in a national but not even in a political sense. The land will not be ours and we shall not be the people of the land. Here, then, we shall also be aliens just as in the lands of the Diaspora where, too, there are Jews who rent land, who buy fields, gardens, orchards and traffic in the fruit of the labor of others."

Another quarrel over Israel's settlement policy broke out when a group of Bedouins living in the Gaza Strip were dispossessed from their land by the Israeli Army. Then, only a few weeks later, an Israeli journalist, Victor Cygielman, discovered that a group of West Bank Arabs had their crops destroyed by an Army plane which sprayed deadly herbicides on the land. Cygielman charged that the crop destruction occurred only after the Arabs had refused to sell it to the Army for use as a training ground and also raised the question about whether the land wasn't really wanted for Jewish agriculture.

The Army's actions were viewed by the Israeli "doves" and anti-expansionists as typical illustrations of Israel's present occupation policies, which they see as a betrayal of original Zionist ideals.

Other ghosts from the past haunt Israel. Yitshak Ben Aron, the general secretary of the Histadrut (Israel's powerful and rich all-inclusive trade union, which also operates more than 50 percent of Israel's economic enterprises) is waging a vigorous fight for a return to a more egalitarian society, one in which the rich will not continue getting richer and the poor getting poorer, as he insists is happening today.

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"Poor" in Israel is often used as a euphemism to describe a large portion of the Sephardic Jewish community, the Jews who were born in African and Asian countries, plus their children born in Israel. About 27 percent of the country's present population are Sephardic immigrants as compared to a slightly higher percentage of immigrants from the Ashkenazi group, those Jews who were born in Europe and America and whose living standards are much higher than those of the Sephardim, who are also called the "Oriental" Jews.

The gap between the two groups is very wide and continues to widen, extending even to the children born in Israel. Using every index—family income, per capita income, educational levels, occupational levels, living conditions and consumption levels—the Sephardic Jews are in a far inferior position to the Ashkenazim. And even though 47 percent of the people born in Israel are Sephardim, these dark, swarthy "Oriental" Jews have the lowest paying jobs, the least educated children, the highest rates of delinquency and crime, together with the lowest social status and the least amount of political power. And although this group's family income has been rising, partially because of their high birthrate, an enormous gap still separates the per capita income of those from Oriental families and those of European-American origins.

We need not belabor this point, for not even the most enthusiastic Israeli supporter of the status quo denies it. But Ben Aron, despite the support he can muster from the Histadrut members when he battles for increased wages, is a loner, a maverick without any mass support in the rigidly structured political parties that rule Israeli life. When he acknowledged publicly the existence of large-scale poverty in Israel he was attacked ferociously by many of his former colleagues who are convinced he has betrayed them. (And since his post is appointive he can be removed if the government believes the removal will not create a storm of protest.)

The bitter opposition to Ben Aron's views reflect a general acceptance of this situation, linked with the shift to the right among almost all segments of Israeli society to which I have already referred. Over the years that shift has been slow, but it now shows up rather clearly in such developments as the sudden emergence of the Israeli Black Panthers from within the Sephardic Jewish community. These "Oriental" Jews believe, with much justice, that they are the victims of economic, social, and cultural discrimination. When the Panthers sprang upon Israeli society, they horrified most Israelis with their public demonstrations and noisy picket lines. The Panthers weren't "good boys," complained Mrs. Meir, demonstrating a total unawareness of their real plight and feelings. And generally Israeli society approved suppression of the Black Panthers with all the traditional forms of police and court harassment.

Still, the militancy of the Black Panthers, their refusal to be "good boys" and act nicely, forced Israel to deal openly with a problem whose existence had rarely been acknowledged before. And once the recognition came, it was followed—among some Israelis, at least—by a questioning of how and why a social sore had been left untreated for so long that it had become a serious political infection.

[MORE TIME BOMBS]

The present bitter internal conflict within the orthodox Jewish community, plus the already existing tension between the orthodox and non-orthodox Jews, is, in the phrase used by Yigal Allon, a "time bomb" which must explode in the future. The power of the religious groups derives partly from the support they can draw upon from orthodox Jews outside the country, in America, England and South Africa, but more importantly, from the fact that no political party, including either of the two "labor" parties, can get enough of a majority to form a government. So a coalition government exists which depends for its existence on the religious parties voting with it. And in exchange for its support of Mrs. Meir's government on economic and international questions, the religious parties have exacted a heavy price, refusing to give up control over marriage, divorce and other relationships considered part of the civil order in secular societies.

But a serious conflict looms as the religious groups face a growing opposition to their rigidity and refusal to temper their demands for total orthodoxy. Younger members of the Mapam Party fought bitterly although unsuccessfully to get their party to withdraw from the government over the coalition's refusal to support a move to allow civil marriages, now outlawed, in Israel. To save her government from falling, Mrs. Meir worked out a compromise postponement of this issue, but Allon's "time bomb" is still ticking.

A religious grenade, if not a bomb, did explode, figuratively, after the recent election of two new Chief Rabbis in Israel; one represented the Ashkenazi Jews; and the other represented the Sephardic community, which is more orthodox and more rigid in demanding complete acquiescence to orthodox Jewish dogma. For many years, quarrels between the two orthodox groups have soured Israeli society and it was hoped that the election of two new and younger Chief Rabbis would bring a measure of peace to the religious community—thus, in turn, relaxing the tensions between the orthodox and secular communities. But the opposite effect appears to have occurred, and the new Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi, Shlomo Goren, is now locked into a bitter fight with his Sephardic colleague, Rabbi Ovadia Yosef. Goren, an ambitious and flamboyant man, had been Chief Rabbi of the Armed Forces for many years and is considered close to the Israeli political establishment. One of his first actions in his new post was to arrange a solution to an embarrassing religious controversy which had been plaguing the country for many months. A brother and sister who wanted to marry their respective fiancees were not permitted to do so because, according to orthodox interpretation, they were "mamzerim," bastards, and thus forbidden to marry Jews in a religious ceremony, the only kind now allowed in Israel.

Goren solved the problem by announcing that a group of rabbis, whose names he refused to make public, had decided the brother and sister were not "mamzerim." Their marriage ceremonies were held immediately, in the presence of Moshe Dayan, and the

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Sephardic orthodox community erupted in fury at the Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi's actions. He was threatened with physical violence, the new Sephardic Chief Rabbi denounced him, and hundreds of students at the orthodox religious schools made such a row that Mrs. Meir has threatened to remove their exemptions from military service, an exemption which has for a long time incensed the less orthodox parts of the community.

Another "time bomb" originates from the military. Israel's huge military expenditures may result in the creation of a military-industrial complex like that found in the United States. An increasing number of ex-generals participate now in Israel's political life. Israeli generals retire early in life, usually at 45 or 46 and never later than 50. But what does a former chief of staff do after leaving military service? Two of them, Moshe Dayan and Haim Bar-Lev, are cabinet ministers, with former general Yitshak Rabin fighting hard to obtain a cabinet post when he leaves his post as ambassador to the United States. Another former general, Ezer Weizman, who headed the Air Force, is active in the Herut Party, the right wing and expansionist group which is outside the government because it believes Mrs. Meir's government too soft in its relations to the Arabs. Many other generals and high ranking officers head vast Israeli enterprises.

But it is very difficult to raise questions about the propriety of generals taking over high government posts because of the exalted place Zahal, the Israeli defense forces, holds on the Israeli scale of values.

Another species of sacred cow has also developed in Israel—the Russian-Jewish immigrants who, at great personal sacrifice, are now arriving in Israel. It has turned out that the commitment of some of these new immigrants is based not so much on any Zionist-Socialist ideals as on a combination of anti-Socialist views and a belief in Israel's territorial destiny, or a desire to live as strictly orthodox Jews. A surprising number of the immigrants have joined Herut, the most right-wing party in Israel, or participated, together with young Herutniks and members of the Jewish Defense League, in such activities as breaking up violently a meeting of the Israeli Communist Party.

Chief Rabbi Schlomo Goren (right)

Some Russian immigrants are unpopular among other Israelis because of the Russians' insistence on what they believe to be "proper" living conditions and jobs. Since most of them are educated, urban people, they have not gone to the kibbutzim or to new settlements in physically isolated or unpleasant places. Instead, they demand and get both employment consistent with their urban backgrounds and apartments in the cities, thus creating resentment among young Israeli couples who cannot afford the present inflated prices for living quarters. "Send Us To Russia So We Can Come Back And Get An Apartment" was a slogan raised by the Black Panthers at one of their demonstrations and it reflected accurately the feeling of many Israelis that the new Russian Jewish immigrants were getting favored treatment over Israelis who had lived, badly, in the country all their lives.

I do not want to extend, indefinitely, the catalogue of internal Israeli difficulties; they include all the woes of any society moving away from an egalitarian vision to that of a nation-state not much different from its counterparts. Thus Israelis have been forced to acknowledge a sharp increase in crime rates, including crimes of violence, a rising drug problem, a growing number of prostitutes, juvenile delinquency on a large scale, widespread strikes, inflation, the woes of increasing business corruption and a decline in ideological motivation.

But while in the case of Mrs. Meir's generation, and she is almost the prototype of the Zionist pioneer, the acknowledgment is at best a very grudging one without real solutions being sought, some other Israelis, at least, do realize that their country faces a deep crisis that will affect, in the most profound way, its future character.

Professor Talmon's bitter description of the Israeli government's policy in dealing with the villages of Bir Im and Ikrit as being "the work of the devil" has a special resonance for Americans. Josiah Royce, a great American historian-philosopher, used almost the same language in 1886 to describe the American rationalization for its conquest of the territories occupied by the Hispano-Indian populations of the West. Royce pointed out that the public believed the American acquisition of the territories "to be a God-fearing act, the result of the aggression and of the sinful impotence of our Spanish neighbors together with our own justifiable energy and our

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devotion to the cause of freedom. It is to be hoped that this lesson, showing us, as it does, how much of conscience and even of personal sincerity can co-exist with a minimum of effective morality in international undertakings will some day be once more remembered; so that when our nation is another time about to serve the devil it will do so with more frankness and will deceive itself less by half-conscious cant."

The specific parallel is clear just as is the general similarity between the Israeli experience and that of the settlers who left Europe and England to build a new Zion, a new society based on the equality of man, on an unknown continent. But once the settlers accepted policies embodying a "minimum of effective morality," taking the land from the Indians and enslaving blacks, they set up a course of events whose consequences they never conceived of happening – a dangerously polarized society, one in which the present and future generations of Americans must bear the terrible burden, in their daily lives, for the mistaken policies of their ancestors. And some day, surely, future generations of Israelis will curse those of *their* ancestors who, although acting out of "conscience and even of personal sincerity," have helped skew the path of history in a direction which can only bring continuous conflict to the Middle East.

Indeed, the news that six young Israeli Jews were accused of acting as Arab spies shattered the confidence of Israeli society in its youth and indicates that the bitter division between Zionist pioneers and their descendants has opened already.

But today the Israeli establishment responds mostly with scorn and rhetorical invective to its Josiah Royces. And those Israelis who challenge the expansionist tendencies in their country and who seek to change its perspective vis-à-vis the Palestinian Arabs are isolated, not only from the government but from the mass of Israelis. They are derided, too, by the leadership of the Palestinian Arab resistance, who insist that the anti-expansionists and "doves" in Israel cannot be separated in any fundamental way from the overt annexationists and "hawks," since "doves" and "hawks," pro- and anti-annexationists alike, accept the existence of Israel as a Jewish state and differ only in how that Jewish state should function.

[BITTER QUESTIONS]

That challenge cannot be ignored for it raises a fundamental issue. At present, Israeli Arabs are second-class citizens of Israel, a fact which no intelligent Israeli denies. And Arabs in the occupied territories are colonial subjects of Israel, even though they may be treated more benignly than are most colonized peoples.

Is it possible for a Zionist state, one which accords to any Jew the special right of automatic citizenship, to ever offer non-Jews equal rights? Can an Israeli Arab ever become minister of immigration, charged with the responsibility of encouraging Jews in the Diaspora to become Israelis? Will the Hatikvah, Israel's national anthem, ever be sung in Arabic? Or is Rabbi Meir Kahane's recent proposal to encourage Israeli Arabs to emigrate from the country the only logical method to continue the existence of Israel as a Jewish state? Who is right—Zionists like Golda Meir who insist that Israel must survive as a Jewish state, with effective power, in order to prevent the massacre of helpless Jews, or Ahad Ha-Am, who believed that the question of state power was secondary to the need for a spiritual and cultural center for Jewish life in their ancestral home?

These questions are being argued bitterly in Israel today, and are even surfacing, for the first time, among American Jews, many of whom until now have never questioned any action taken by the Israeli government. At some point, perhaps not too far away, American Jews will be forced to deal with their own relationship to Israel and to ask whether the success of Zionism in achieving state power had to be built on the elimination of Arabs from Palestine, their homeland, too.

Whether that end was inevitable is a question of transcendental political significance because it carries within it, at the very minimum, another question affecting the future. Martin Buber, who went to Israel as a Zionist and remained there as a Zionist, once decried the Arab view of "the Zionist movement as a 'hireling of imperialism'" but added, immediately, that the Jews' "historical reentry into our land took place through a false gateway."

If any solution to the Middle East conflict is ever to ensue, it must be rooted in the Israeli willingness to accept the fact that the Zionists, either consciously or as an unanticipated consequence of their actions, or both, entered Palestine through "a false gateway." Then, but only then, might it be possible to begin remedying the injustice done to the Palestinians.

The Arabs, and especially the Arabs whose home is Palestine, must also accept certain facts—especially that the Israelis do believe, totally, that

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they have a moral and political right to self-determination in the ancient Jewish land. The tragedy of the Middle East is that both homelands are the same place: neither physically nor psychically can Israel be separated from Palestine or Palestine from Israel. That is a fact, just as Israel's existence is a fact and just as, at some future time, a Palestinian Arab nation will be a fact.

The Arabs, Palestinians, and others, too, could learn from the bitter experiences of those peoples who were living on the American continent when the Europeans and English first arrived or who were brought there as slaves afterwards. No way exists for the Indians and the Hispano-Indians to regain totally what was once theirs. No way exists for the blacks and other nonwhite minorities to be recompensed totally for the crimes committed against them. The American state will not disappear and the enormous task of radically transforming its institutions cannot be done without the assistance of those elements in the American society who understand that grievous injustices have been committed and that redress must be made, that white America must give up its racial sovereignty or face an interminable period of racial conflicts.

What are the prospects for such transformations taking place in the Middle East? Very poor, I fear. No outside force–neither the United Nations, which the Israelis are prepared to ignore if necessary, nor the super-powers, operating in their own interests–can impose more than a temporary cease-fire. The Arab nations cannot control the Palestinian Arab movement even if they wanted to do so; and, as a result, Israeli retaliatory raids will continue, accomplishing no more than to satisfy the demands of the Israeli hawks for even more forceful military responses.

Outsiders, people living away from the area, are limited severely in their ability to affect the situation in any substantive way. American and European radicals can issue manifestos, calling on one or all sides to develop new policies, and the manifestos will remain unheeded. Revolutionaries may attach themselves to the Palestinian cause and take part actively in terrorist actions, thus expressing their solidarity with their comrades, but no substantive change will take place from such actions. Indeed, radicals and revolutionaries alike must consider, far more seriously than they have done thus far, the parameters of what may be considered legitimate political activities.

The immediate future appears very grim indeed. Only a fool could be optimistic about the future of peace and justice in the Middle East, but only a bigger fool could stop trying to help bring it about. ■

LETTERS

(From page 10)

and the Chinese. Mission Impossible. It was not that unreasonable, given the erroneous and distorted information and the lack of even a delineation of the real issues that characterize American elections (remember when–and why–we wouldn't vote?), to believe that "peace is at hand."

If this assessment is accurate, then Nixon's victory does *not* evidence a move to the right, or the stupidity, wickedness, or insanity of the American people. Establishment of relations and negotiation with Russia and China and an end to the War are *progressive* moves. To the contrary, the signs of alienation and the seeds of revolt are all around us: 45 percent of the registered voters did not vote, soldiers won't fight and have to be replaced by machines, corruption in government is assumed by all, politicians are as popular as the flu, and consciousness that the dollar rules and the people have no power hasn't been higher in 25 years.

This is the stuff change is made of. One individual–George McGovern or anyone else–will not and cannot do it for us. . . . We must restore our faith in people and begin the long, hard process of openly identifying, exposing, and challenging the assumptions and power relationships that underly American capitalism. And, at the same time, we must begin to study America as we have studied Vietnam, to understand the economic and political forces underlying American history and capitalism as well as we understand the Nuremburg trials and the Geneva Accords. We must begin to formulate a libertarian, American socialism, a socialism that is built on but not tied to the past.

–Marc David Philadelphia, Pa.

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